VOLUME XXVI NUMBER SIX

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1914

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Henry Gannett
S. N. D. NORTH

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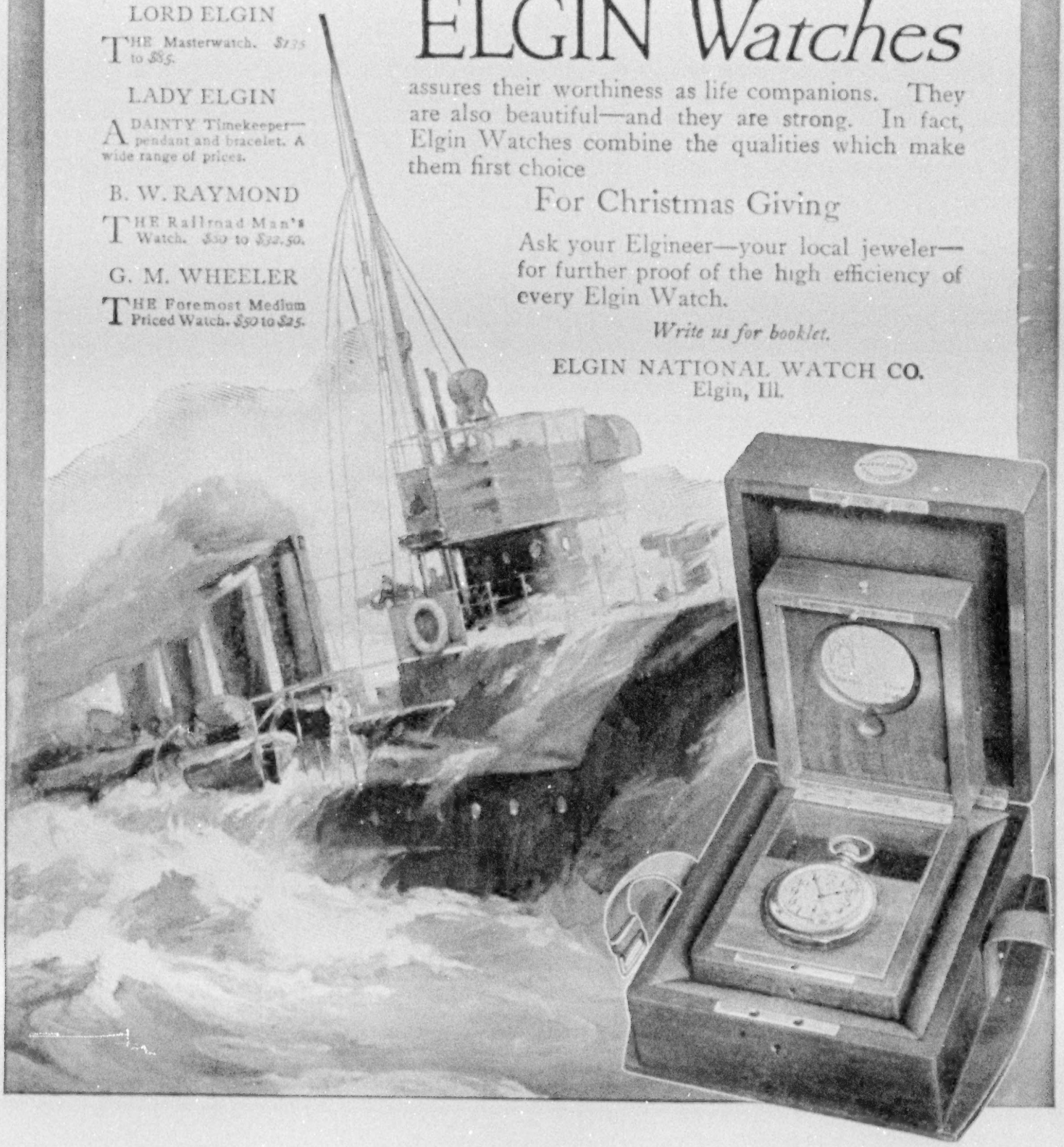

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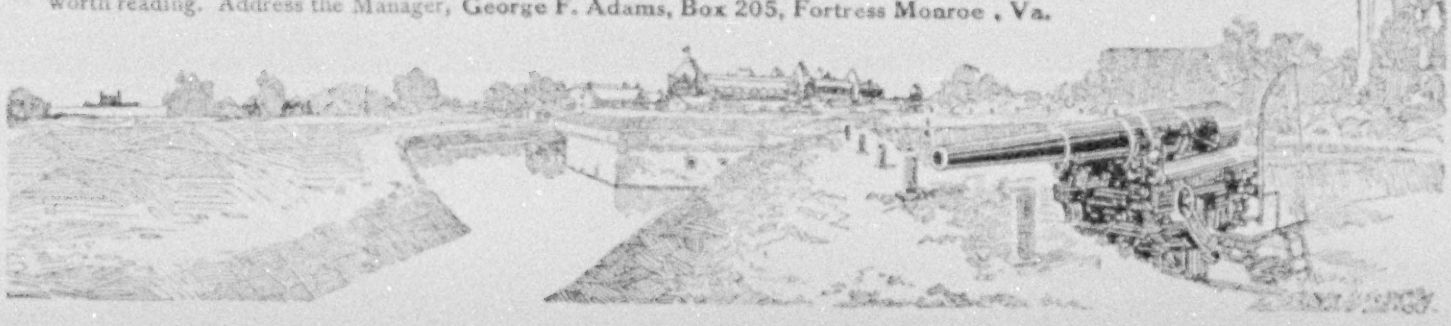

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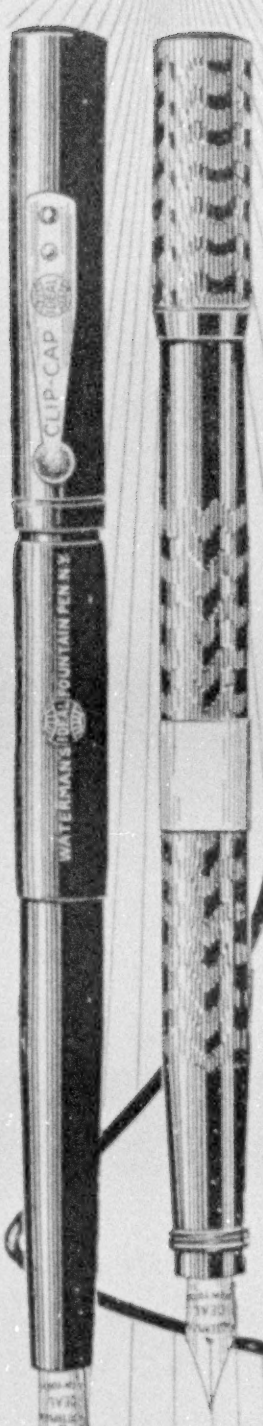

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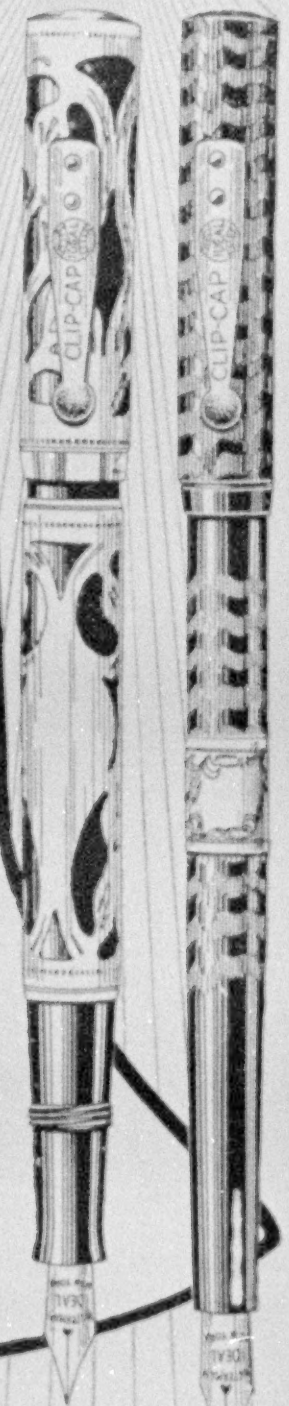

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Life-insurance reform—its friends (and others)

AT the time of the Hughes insurance investigation, a distinguished writer in the conservative Atlantic Monthly said: **"The elimination of the agent is the great reform needed."** That very year (1905) the Postal Life Insurance Company, following the lead of three well-known British companies, began to do business **without agents** and has so continued ever since. It is now a National institution under the jurisdiction of the Postal Authorities and District Courts of the United States everywhere and under the supervision of the Insurance Department of the State of New York. The Postal Life has, indeed, accomplished a "great reform" but there has been the usual opposition and by this time its friends (and others) are pretty clearly lined up as follows:

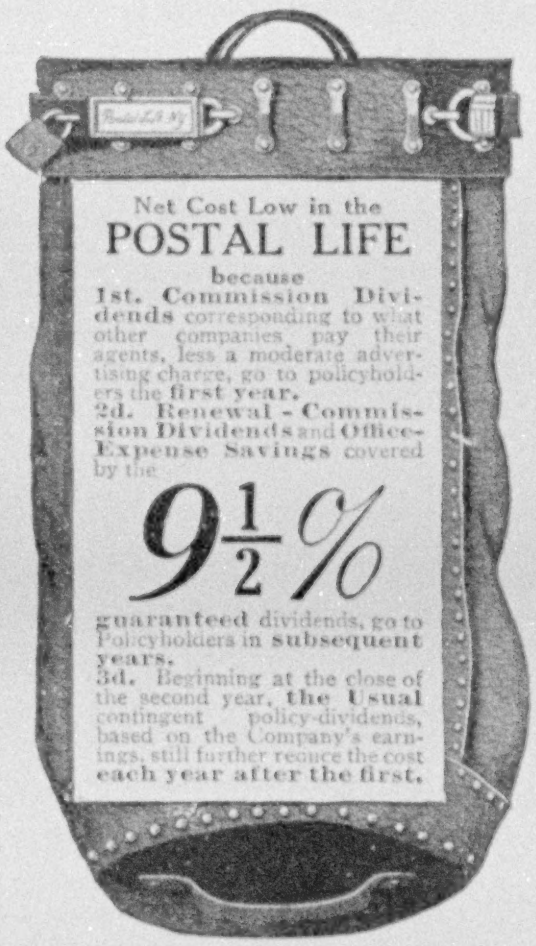
Its Friends

1. Thoughtful people in every State who are looking for **sound insurance-protection at low net cost,** turn to the Postal Life.

2. Those who do not want to be bothered, misled, persuaded, or driven by agents, but **prefer to arrange their insurance direct,** simply write to the Postal Life.

3. **Leading magazines and newspapers throughout the country** champion the Postal Life and the reform it has worked out.

4. Students of economics and efficiency experts approve of the Postal Life because they see in its non-agency method **the way to save for the insuring public the more than $100,000,000 annually which other companies pay to agents as commissions and also the more than $12,000,000 exacted each year from policyholders of agency companies by the different States throughout the Union.**



The Others

1. The 258 agency companies throughout the country did not believe **at first** in the idea of getting business without agents, and are, of course, surprised, and some of them not well pleased to see the Postal Life **prove that it can be successfully done.**

2. The more than 20,000 life-insurance agents bent on earning commissions, don't like the Postal Life because **they can't meet its low cost and can't match its other advantages and benefits** made possible through its non-agency saving.

3. Certain easily-influenced life-insurance periodicals, **printed to be sold to insurance agents,** don't like the Postal Life because their friends, the agents, don't like it.

4. Some State insurance superintendents bent on fees and other revenues, are unfriendly to the Postal Life because **it transacts business by mail (interstate) and therefore is not subject to the exactions of forty odd States.**

Be Your Own Agent and Save Money

When arranging insurance, don't bother with an agent, for **his** commission will come out of **your** pocket, and don't be misled or disturbed by what certain life-insurance periodicals print or by what a few unfriendly State insurance superintendents may say.

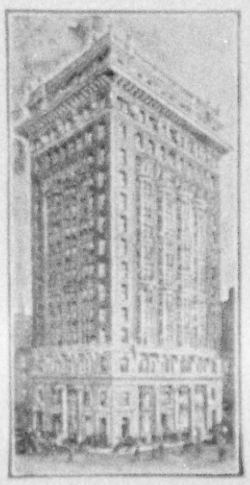
Simply write to the Postal Life and you will receive **official information** based on reports **regularly filed with the New York State Insurance Department** under whose strict supervision the Company does business. Just say:

"Mail insurance particulars as per
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for December"

And to find out how much you save, be sure to give:

1. Your full name. 2. Your occupation. 3. The exact date of your birth

No agent will be sent to visit you. The benefit of his commission goes to **you** because you deal **direct.**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WM. R. MALONE, President

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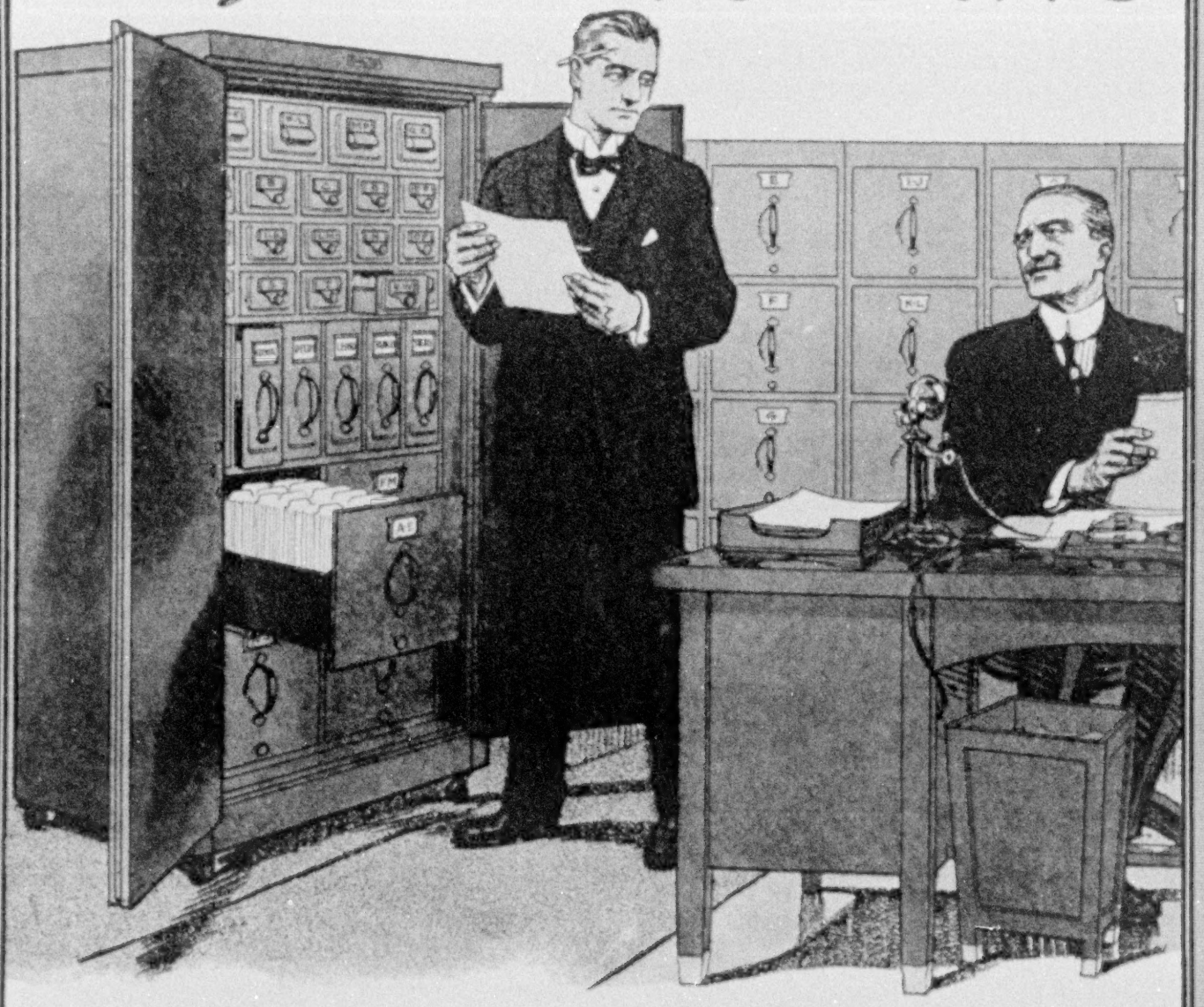

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VOL. XXVI, NO. 6 WASHINGTON DECEMBER, 1914

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

LIFE IN CONSTANTINOPLE

By H. G. Dwight

HE WHO would write of life in Constantinople today risks writing of what today is and tomorrow is not.

The revolution of 1908 started an era of transformation whose end is not yet. So far as outward appearances are concerned — and appearances, the outer forms and color of life, are all that make the difference between one part of the world and another—Constantinople has changed more in the last five years than in the 200 before them.

During that time, while the other capitals of Europe gradually modernized themselves, Constantinople remained a medieval city. At first it was largely a matter of remoteness and poor communications. In the end the case became the will of one man—the ex-Sultan Abd-ül-Hamid II.

So long as he remained on the throne there was not an electric light in the town, for instance, or a telephone or a trolley-car. They were expressly forbidden by the Sultan, who firmly believed that a dynamo had something to do with dynamite—that arch enemy of thrones. For an equally good reason he prohibited the use of rubber tires for street cabs. The official inquiry into an attempt upon his life revealed—whether correctly or not—the pregnant fact that the bomb had been thrown from a carriage so fitted out, and he made up his mind that there must be an immediate and necessary relation between bombs and rubber tires.

THE COMING OF MODERN THINGS

The whole story of his dislike of modernity and of life in Constantinople during his long reign would be a piece of comic opera if it had not been a tragedy for his own people. This is not the place to repeat it, and Constantinople is now well on the way toward becoming a modern capital. Dynamos have at last begun to hum on the shores of the Golden Horn; electric cars already clang about; telephone wires have been strung through the city and will shortly be in use; streets have been smoothed and widened, squares and parks have been laid out; motor traffic has begun to ply; there is talk of subways, of rapid transit, of I know not what other modernities.

Rome was not built in a day, however, nor New Rome, and many days will pass before old Stamboul loses her tang of the medieval. In the meantime life there is the compromise between East and West which you might expect of a city that straddles Europe and Asia. Compromise, though, is not always the word. I have not quite made up my mind whether I am ready to subscribe to Mr. Kipling's famous stanza, but certain it is that while East and West do meet in Constantinople they do not willingly mix. This is made very evident for an outsider in the mere matter of tongues.

An Italian professor asked me once if there were any one official language for the American "Parliament," or whether each member spoke in his own. The pro-

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ENROLLING RECRUITS IN CONSTANTINOPLE

One may know a Turk or a Turkish subject by his fez. This peculiar form of head-dress takes its name from the city of Fez, which, until the discovery of synthetic colors, had a monopoly of the manufacture, because it controlled the juice of the berry from which the dye used to color them was made. Now they are manufactured in France and Germany.

fessor was much surprised when I told him that no member had any other tongue than English, and I think he thereafter began to consider our country as a sort of western Austria-Hungary, in which a vast *Italia irredenta*, together with Germanies, Polands, Scandinavias, and other east provinces, were domineered by a powerful oligarchy of Anglo-Saxons.

WHERE RACES DO NOT MIX

His idea of Washington would apply much more closely to Constantinople. Of its million inhabitants—no one has yet undertaken an exact census—scarcely half are Turks, the other half being made up of Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and smaller fractions of Levantine races, together with considerable colonies of the principal European nations. What is most characteristic of Constantinople, however, is that these various ethnic groups continue to speak their own languages, wear their own costumes, follow their own customs, and otherwise remain distinct to a degree which would be inconceivable in western Europe or America.

New York, it is true, might better be named New Cork, though New Jerusalem would suit it very well; and I am not unaware that it contains a Chinatown, a Little Italy, and other quarters where the signs you see and the languages you hear are from another continent. Yet New York, as a whole, does not look cosmopolitan, and New Yorkers have little of the cosmopolitan in their make-up; for New York imposes its own code on the newcomer, and has a trick of turning him into a New Yorker in an extraordinarily short time. It may be sooner, it may be later; but if he has come to stay he inevitably yields, or his children after him, to the mysterious metamorphosis. The secret of the miracle is that he is willing and anxious to yield. He has come to New York with no other intention than yielding. In the majority of cases he has voluntarily given up his own home and language and traditions in order to acquire those of the New World.

NO OUTSIDER WOULD BE A TURK

Whereas in Constantinople no outsider wishes to become a Turk. Indeed, some of the outsiders, like the Greeks, have just as good a right as the Turks to be there, and in the back of their minds they cherish an idea that the day will come when the Turks will be there no more. That is a matter which we do not need to discuss; but I state the fact as illustrating the difference between two attitudes, making for and against assimilation. The Turk has never assimilated except by force, and as time has gone on he has offered less and less inducement to do so. His door is one of advancement, but not of all advancement. He does not set the standards of society. He does not control more than a proportion of the rewards of competition.

It is not even necessary for a subject of his empire to speak his language. On the contrary, he himself tends more and more to yield to outside influences, learning the languages, adopting the costume, imitating the manners, of the West.

So it is that Constantinople is a babel neither modern nor medieval, not wholly Asiatic and not wholly European, and least of all cosmopolitan, being less a metropolis than an agglomeration, a sort of midway pleasaunce of provincial towns. Life is one thing or another, according to the world you live in. It is most colored for the sojourner from the West, whose own world is likely to be too small for him and whose eye is more open to the contrasts that surround him. It were well, however, that he have a sense of humor as well as an eye for the picturesque, and that he add thereto a disposition to take things as they come.

STREETS UNNAMED, HOUSES UNNUMBERED

So shall he not be too amazed when he discovers, for instance, that his street has no name and his house no number. Those toys of the inquisitive West have begun to penetrate even the reserve of Stamboul; but the real system on which the addresses of Constantinople are organized is that of quarters—like the parishes of Shakespeare's England. I, for one, live in such and such a village of the Bosphorus, in the quarter of Candle Goes Not Out. Find that quarter, and some one in it will be able to find me, if he feel so disposed.

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TYPES OF TURKISH RECRUITS: CONSTANTINOPLE

XUM

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READING THE LATEST NEWS AT THE NEWSPAPER OFFICES: CONSTANTINOPLE

THE HARBOR OF CONSTANTINOPLE Photo by H. G. Dwight

Constantinople is situated at the southern end of the Bosporus, which connects the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora, on the European side of the channel

There are flats and houses of various kinds at the sojourner's disposal, all of them rather primitive from an American point of view and none of them—alas!—to be had for nothing. Elevators and electric light are rarities beyond the reach of any modest purse. Steam heat is only less rare. Baths are new enough for house-owners to make a point of them, while hot water is not to be obtained for the asking. If you prefer the pleasant seaside suburbs to the heart of the town, you may be happy if any water at all is laid on to the house. The good old way, by no means extinct, was to hire a *saka* to bring you water from the nearest street fountain (see page 541).

As for the kitchen arrangements, they would fill the western housewife's heart with despair, were it not that a Constantinople cook is lost before a proper cooking range. What he prefers is a sort of raised fireplace under a hood. In this high stone platform are a number of hollows surmounted by gridirons on legs. In the hollows he builds little bon-fires of charcoal and cooks each dish separately on its gridiron.

CONSTANTINOPLE'S COOKS

In the choice of this personage there is considerable latitude. He is more likely to be a man than with us, and he may belong to any one of half a dozen nationalities. He is not often a Turk, however. Turkish servants are faithful and honest within their limits, and, as porters, doorkeepers, grooms, and gar-

IN THE HARBOR OF CONSTANTINOPLE Photo by H. G. Dwight

Constantinople is a city of mosques and minarets, and the harbor there without them would be like the harbor of New York without the skyscrapers of Manhattan

deners, do efficient work; but they are two slow and too averse from learning new ways to suit most European masters. Their tradition is that of the rest of Asia, where many servants make up a household, each capable of doing only one thing.

Turkish women never serve in Christian houses, unless as occasional charwomen or washerwomen. Greek and Armenian women, on the other hand, are the mainstay of the Constantinople housekeeper; even Turks often employ them. The Greeks are the smartest and the most efficient, though they are perhaps too quick-witted to be perfectly reliable. The Armenians are neither so quick nor so presentable, and I doubt if they are any more honest. I do not mean, however, to imply that the Levantine is necessarily more uncertain than his western brother.

Croats are a common addition to the menfolk of an establishment, whether as cooks, footmen, gardeners, or doorkeepers—Croats or Montenegrins, who, as every one knows, are Serbs under other names. It is as doorkeepers that this gentry chiefly shine, lending the dignity of their stature and of their handsome costume to every door of any standing. Every Christian door—that is, for the Turks—employs Albanians for the same service. And no servant is more faithful, whether as doorkeeper, groom, gardener, or shepherd; but they are a proud and sensitive race and you must treat them with due consideration of their honor. In fact, the whole relation of master and man is a more human one in Constantinople than it is likely to be in the West.

POLYGLOT OF TRADESMEN

Housekeeping in Constantinople is a polyglot affair, but not so polyglot as it sounds. It can usually be conducted in Turkish or Greek. Some gifted persons are able to order a dinner in Armenian, while a few fortunate ones need only the French with which they came. This language, or a flat variety of it, which after Paris reminds one of corked champagne, is spoken by more people in Constantinople, I fancy, than any other single tongue.

THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMED IN CONSTANTINOPLE

This mosque is the largest in Constantinople, with the single exception of that of Sultan Mohammed II. It covers the most historic spot in the city, occupying part of the site of the Augustæum, chief of the Byzantine forums; of the great palace of Constantine, abode of Byzantine royalty, and of the Hippodrome, the place of reunion of the Byzantine people. It is probably visible for a greater distance and from more points of view than any other mosque in the city on the Golden Horn. It stands side by side with Sancta Sophia—the one the highest achievement of Moslem art and the other the masterpiece of Christian architecture.

UM

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMED, WITH THE HIPPODROME ON THE RIGHT

The Hippodrome of Constantinople, by its great size dwarfing every other building in the entire Roman East, was world renowned. The stupendous structure, begun by Emperer Severus in 203, was about 1,400 feet long by 400 feet wide. It covered 123/10 acres of ground. No theater, no palace, no public building today has a promenade so magnificent as it had. Standing 40 feet above the ground, protected by solid marble railing reaching to the breast, the spectator had a spacious avenue 2,766 feet in length along which to walk.

Photos by H. G. Dwight

IN A TURKISH STREET: CONSTANTINOPLE

Constantinople is a city without street names or house numbers. One's mail is addressed to his quarter of the city, and the postman relies on the neighborhood folk to serve as a city directory for all new names.

PILGRIMS ON THE WAY TO MECCA: CONSTANTINOPLE

From eight to ten of the twelfth month of the Mohammedan year the great pilgrimage to Mecca begins and the faithful from among the 300,000,000 people professing the Mohammedan religion turn their hearts, if not their steps, toward Mecca.

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A GROUP OF TURKS DISCUSSING THE WAR NEWS

Discussion is a favorite pastime with the East. There is always time enough to haggle and bargain for hours, to philosophize over trifles, and to argue the case of almost everything.

It is of small use for marketing, however. Greek or Turkish are necessary for that. Almost all butchers are Greeks from Epirus or the Ionian Islands. Many market gardeners are also Greeks, though many others are southern Albanians, and not a few are Bulgars from Macedonia, while much of the street peddling so characteristic of Constantinople is done by Turks. They are not Constantinople Turks, however.

Practically all the work of the city is done by outsiders, and each kind of work, as the reader may have already gathered, is done chiefly by men from a certain "country." So it is that the men who sell ice-cream in the streets are Albanians, Christian and Mohammedan, from the region of Üsküb; that the layers of pavements are Mohammedan Albanians of the south; that railroad navvies—or those of the Roumelian Railroad—are Christian Albanians from the same region; that bath men are Turks from Sivas; that street porters are Kürds or Asia Minor Turks, according to the kind of load they carry; that most boatmen are from the Black Sea coast, and so on indefinitely.

NO ASSIMILATION

And though they may spend the greater part of their lives in Constantinople they almost always remain outsiders, wearing their own costumes, speaking their own dialects, keeping their families in their own "country," and going at intervals to spend a few months with them.

This curious state of affairs is partly a relic of Byzantine times, for many of

Photo by H. G. Dwight

A BUTCHER IN CONSTANTINOPLE

Photo by Emma G. Cummings

CHICKENS EN ROUTE TO MARKET: CONSTANTINOPLE

Often as many as 150,000 persons, of every race and of every region, clad in every kind of human garment, and representing every gradation of human rank, traverse the Galata bridge in a single day. There are no rules of the road. Carriage, beast, and pedestrian mix up in a hopeless jumble, the latter plunging into a tumultuous living mass, dodging hither and thither, stopping now and rushing on again, and finally, as though by a miracle, emerging unharmed at the other end.

the habits of Constantinople are known to have been formed before the Turks arrived there; but it is also connected with an ancient guild system, which has not yet quite transformed itself into the trade-unionism of the day. All the industries of the city used to be organized into guilds. The members of each were drawn from one race or district, and were divided into categories of masters and apprentices under a chief called a *kehaya*. The heads of the more powerful guilds were high official personages.

This insured the guilds certain privileges and immunities, in return for which they were compelled to contribute generously to the expenses of war—and incidentally to those of the *kehaya*. A remnant of this custom exists today among the lightermen of the harbor and the custom-house porters, who are required to give the government the use of so many boats and so many men on so many days a month. The continuance of this mutual relation is doubtless one reason why these two guilds are still able to resist foreign competition and modern industrial methods. The others are but a shadow of what they were, and with them are disappearing many picturesque customs. The lightermen and the porters, however, absolutely control the port of Constantinople.

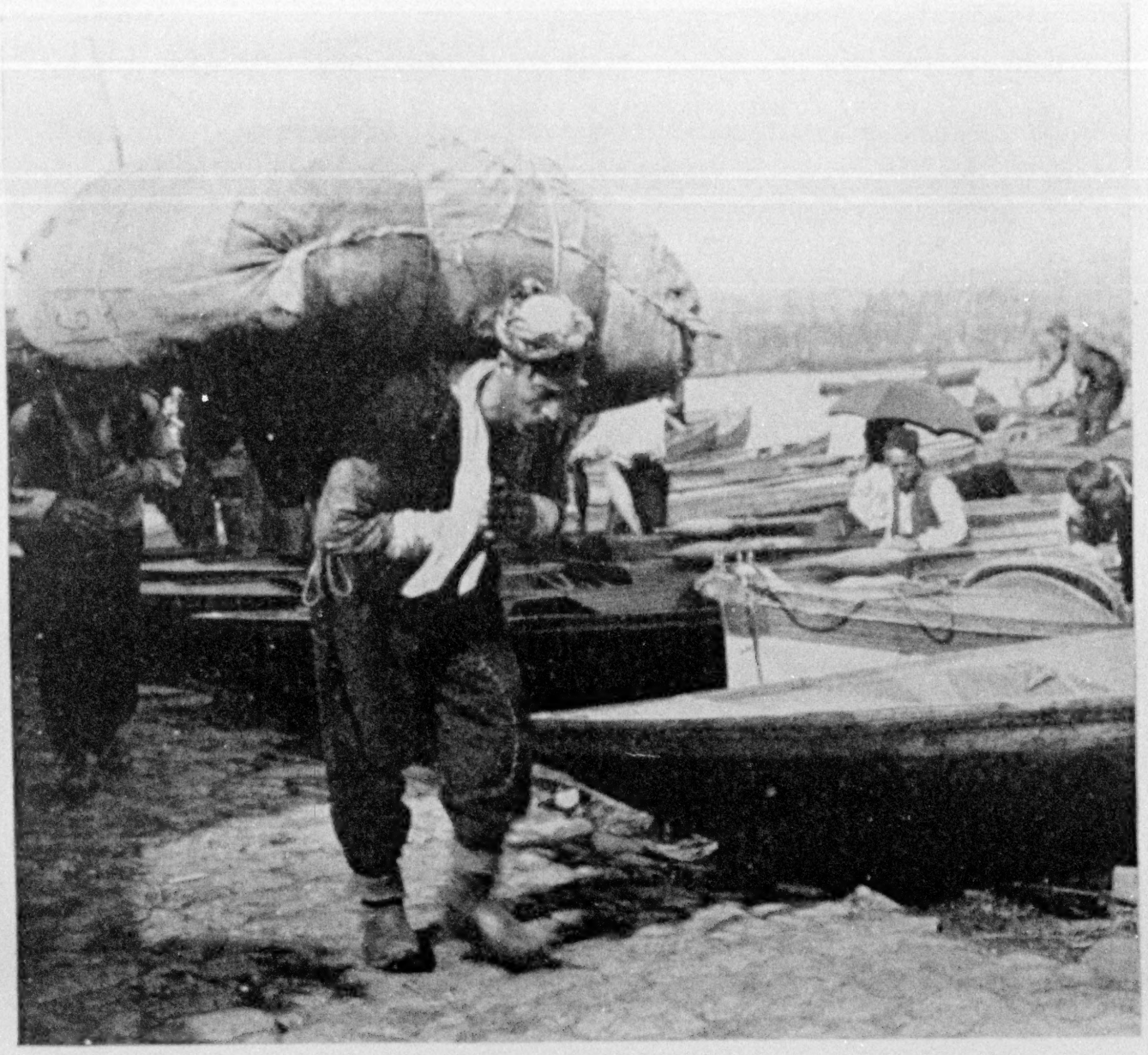

Photo by H. G. Dwight

A PORTER, OR HAMAL: CONSTANTINOPLE

"Each kind of work . . . is done chiefly by men from a certain 'country.' So it is that the men who sell ice-cream in the streets are Albanians, Christian and Mohammedan, from the region of Uskub; that the layers of the pavements are Mohammedan Albanians of the south; that railroad navvies—or those of the Roumelian Railroad—are Christian Albanians from the same region; that bath men are Turks from Sivas; that street porters are Kurds or Asia Minor Turks, according to the kind of load they carry; that most boatmen are from the Black Sea coast, and so on indefinitely."

THE LIGHTERMEN'S GUILD

During the unpleasantness with Austria which followed the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and that with Greece which preceded the Balkan war, they declared a boycott of Austrian and of Greek commerce, which no mere money inducement could persuade them to break. In this case the government was undoubtedly behind them, as it often is, for the commerce of Constantinople is almost entirely in non-Turkish hands; but the government itself finds them tough customers to tackle, and has always hesitated seriously to do so. The lightermen are all Laz, inhabitants of the ancient Colchis, in whose veins still seems to run the blood of Medea. As for the custom-house porters, they belong to the redoubtable tribe of Kürds.

The lightermen are the last of a great race to hold their heads high, and you might spend a lifetime in Constantinople without coming into contact with them; but you could hardly escape coming into contact with the porters—the *hamáls*, as they are called. Whether you arrive from abroad, or buy goods, or build a house, or move from one to another, or lay in fuel for the winter, or otherwise require to transport property, it is with *hamáls* that you deal; for they perform, on their own broad backs or by means

PEASANTS RESTING IN STREET

PEASANTS IN CONSTANTINOPLE

Photos by H. G. Dwight

Constantinople is a city of all manner of races and of tribes, which dwell beside but not among one another. Turk, Albanian, Kurd, Serb, Greek, and Armenian come from the provinces and other cities to form the Turkish capital, but they preserve there the customs, native garbs, characteristics, and languages of their kind, never assimilating to the city's type, for the city has no type. Constantinople is a babel of all of the peoples and fragments of peoples that enter into the swarming life of the Near East.

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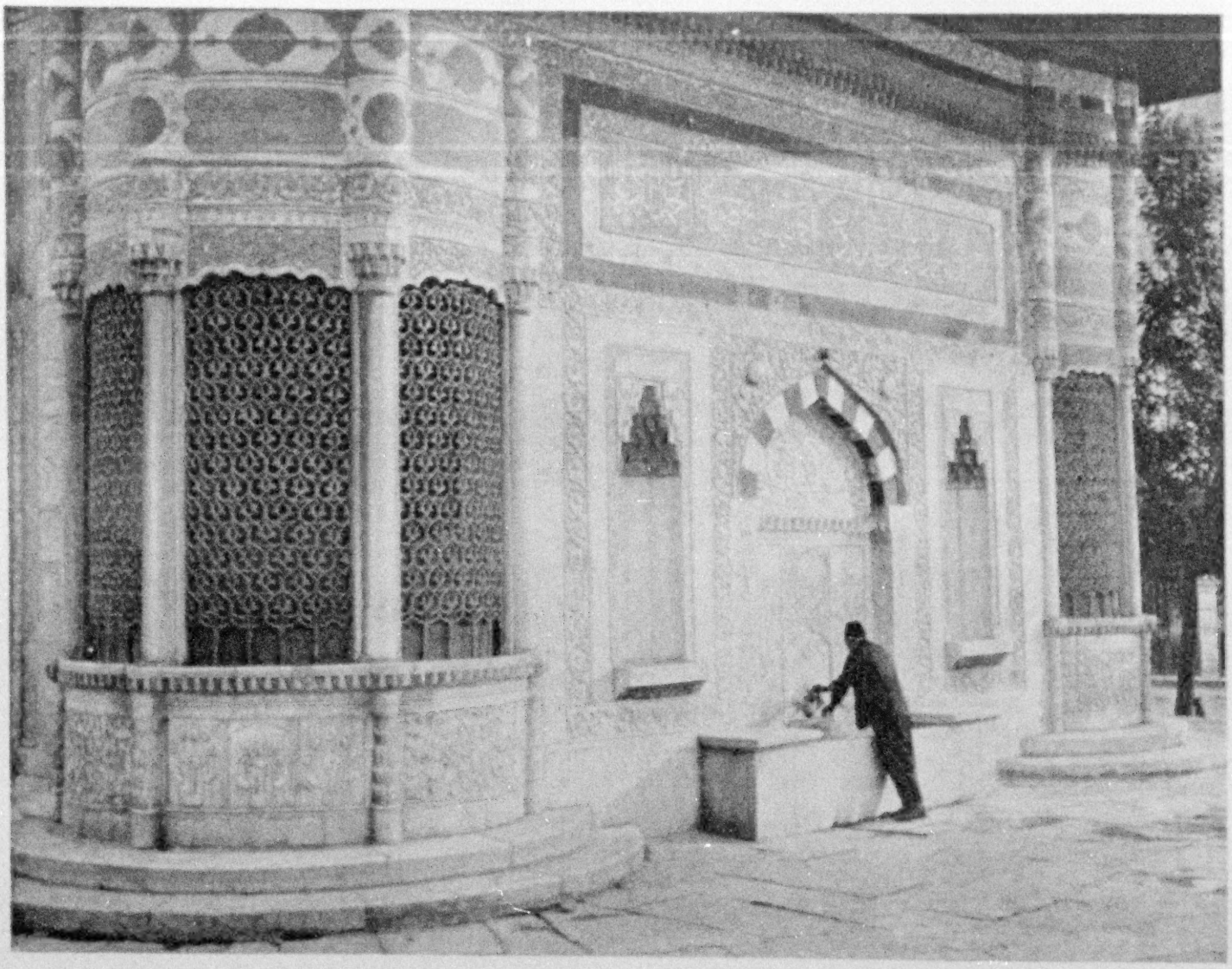
GIVING BREAD TO SOLDIERS IN WAR OFFICE SQUARE: CONSTANTINOPLE

THE WOOD-CHOPPERS' BARGE

Photo by H. G. Dwight

Every day except Friday this stately looking craft makes a journey to town (see text, page 538)



THE FOUNTAIN OF AHMED I: CONSTANTINOPLE

This fountain is the masterpiece of the many scattered over the city of Constantinople, but is typical of them all. That "unrivaled decoration of plain surfaces which forms the chief glory of Mohammedan art" here reaches its perfection. Each inscription has a hidden, as well as an apparent, meaning. On one line, for instance, there is an ingenious contrivance of characters arranged so that by adding the numeral value of successive letters one finds the year when the fountain was completed.

of poles between shoulder and shoulder, from which bales may be slung, almost all the fetching and carrying of a town nearly as large as Greater New York and very much hillier.

Carts do exist, drawn generally by water buffalo—slow, black, hairy creatures, with great outcurving horns—that can pull twice as heavy a load as oxen. There are also boats of various quaint kinds that perform a deliberate kind of express service. A more primitive one is carried on by private messengers, one to a district, who go back and forth between two fixed points; but *hamáls* have to load the cart or the boat and help the messenger when he has too many parcels to carry. And they have hitherto been able to defeat every attempt to establish a real delivery service in Constantinople.

THE FREIGHT HANDLERS

The custom-house *hamáls* are only a branch, if the most prosperous, of a large family. They handle all the freight that enters or leaves the custom-house by land. Cab-drivers and an inferior sort of porters are allowed to take passengers' baggage. Similarly all other kinds of transport and delivery are divided up between other categories of porters. The great majority of *hamáls* belong to subguilds, stationed in every quarter of the town.

The members are Turks of Asia Minor, more peaceable than their Kürdish cousins and otherwise of more savory repute. By immemorial custom it is one of their functions to be night watchmen. People engage them to guard their houses, with perfect confidence that

ENTRANCE TO MOSQUE OF SANCTA SOPHIA: CONSTANTINOPLE

Sancta Sophia stands as the world's greatest monument of Christian architecture. Professor Paparrigopoulos, the Greek historian, whose estimate is regarded as the most careful ever made, reckons the cost of ground, material, labor, ornaments, and church utensils at about $64,000,000. The common estimate of the cost of St. Peters in Rome was something less than $48,000,000. No other Christian church has at all approached Sancta Sophia in the variety and priceless value of its marbles, in the prodigal employment of gold, silver, and precious stones, and in the number and value of its sacred vessels. The expenditure for Sancta Sophia was doubtless greater than for any other sanctuary ever reared by any people to the glory of God.

nothing will be touched, and members of the guild patrol the streets of their quarter at night, beating the hour on the pavement with their clubs. Since the new régime some attempt has been made to curb their ardor in this respect; but they still give warning of any fire that may take place. If the smallest blaze be reported from the most distant suburb, every *bekji* in Constantinople goes through his beat bawling at the top of his voice: "There is a fire!" going on to announce where it is. The sound is eery enough to hear in the dead of night, as one starts from a sound sleep.

THE RIGHT TO CHOP WOOD

Another customary right of *hamáls* is to chop up whatever fire-wood may be bought in their quarter. The saw is an instrument unknown to them. In the villages of the Bosporus they also maintain a barge called a *pazár kaïk*, in which they stand to the heavy oars, falling with them on the stroke. Every day except Friday this stately looking craft, with its fine incurving bow, makes a journey to town, and the *hamáls* afterward distribute its return freight on their backs. To this end they wear a sort of hump of sole leather, suspended from their shoulders by two arm holes. The strength of these men is something prodigious. They make nothing of carrying two good-sized trunks for a mile or two. I have even known of one man carrying on his back an ordinary piano.

THE MEN WHO MOVE YOU

It is really another sort of man, however, who enjoys the privilege of carrying pianos. You will receive new light on the complicated subject of porters if during your sojourn in Constantinople you have occasion to move. No experience of that calamity that you have gained in other countries will be of the slightest service to you here. Do not imagine that you can get any one to do it for you, packing your furniture into padded vans and setting it up in your new house ready for use. Still less imagine that you can do it yourself, even though you have carts and porters of your own.

If your own men start to take your own furniture out of your own door to your own cart they will be stopped—by the firemen of the quarter, if you please. These are a race of beings well-nigh as formidable as the custom-house *hamáls* and the lightermen. They do not happen to be of any one race. Some of them are Turks, some of them are Greeks, some of them are even Armenians or Jews. It depends on the district they come from. I suppose they have gained a common character from the fact that they are young and not too fastidious members of society, whose true element is tumult and disaster.

Just what firemen have to do with moving may seem highly problematical to the householder anxious to transfer his lares and penates. He will find to his cost, however, that they have a good deal to do with it. They move furniture when there is a fire. Since, therefore, there are unhappily not fires enough to give them constant employment, they claim the right to move furniture whenever furniture is to be moved; and they obtain the right.

But mark that each company does it only in his own quarter. If you move into a district ruled by a second set of firemen they insist on unloading your furniture and carrying it into your new house—while, perhaps, your own men stand by with folded hands. If they use their hands at all it becomes a question of fists; and the police have no redress to offer you. The matter, you see, is one into which custom enters—that *adét*, which is all powerful in Turkey.

THE CITY'S PUMP-MEN

For a long time Constantinople had no other firemen than these *touloumbajís*, as they are called—pump-men. Now there is a military fire brigade, but it is far too small and its cumbersome engines fare ill in the steep and narrow streets. The irregulars still flourish, accordingly, and contribute not a little to the local color of the place as they hoot half naked to a fire.

Unlike most firemen, they go bareheaded and barefooted, led by a man swinging, in the daytime, a brass wand,

VIEW OF THE OLD BRIDGE AND THE AZAB KAPOU; CONSTANTINOPLE

and at night a big white linen lantern. Their apparatus is of the simplest, consisting of a hand-pump mounted on a wooden box of no great size, with two poles at each end, which rest on the men's shoulders as they run. They run phenomenal distances sometimes; it may be to find the fire out, or the local firemen in control. If the fire is too large for the true firemen of the quarter, outsiders are free to come in. They do not do so for love, however.

If your house is threatened, they haggle with you to save it if they can, or, if they can't, to save the furniture. You may imagine that a bargain concluded amid flying brands is not always to their disadvantage, especially if no other fire company is by to make competition. The help they give is rather problematical. The stream of water they can turn on a blaze is very thin, even if it be continuous, which, unfortunately, it rarely is. They have a curious superstition against using sea water, imagining that it makes a fire burn more fiercely; and they have the name of being arrant thieves. But they are capable of great daring, and, with proper training and regular pay, they would make excellent timber for a fire department.

I am tempted in this connection to speak of the water system of Constantinople. Like so many other local institutions, it is neither one thing nor the other, part of the town being served by water mains and part depending on the old public fountains.

PLENTY OF TIME—FOUR CALENDARS

And there would still remain any number of other points that make life characteristic and colored in a city that religiously follows four calendars, that prefers to regard 12 o'clock as falling at sunset, and that has so far happily succeeded in remaining superior to the proverbial relation between time and money.

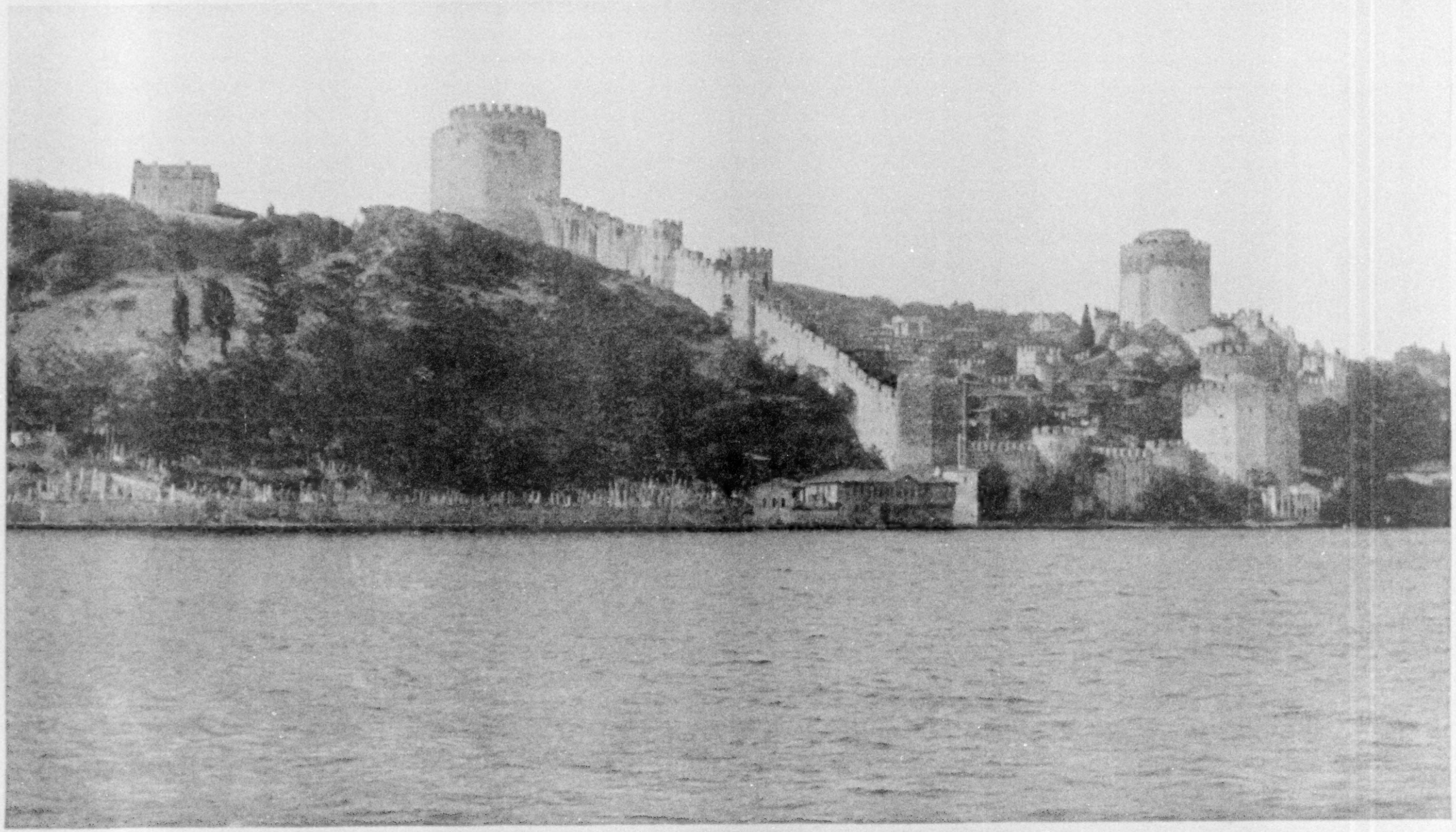
A QUIET HOUR AMONG THE WORKMEN: CONSTANTINOPLE

The hamals or guilds of Constantinople have ironclad rules which neither the government nor the people dare violate. For instance, the firemen's hamal has the right to move furniture. No householder may move his furniture with his own employees, but must turn it over to the hamal; and if he moves from one quarter of the city to another, one hamal must move the furniture out of the house he is leaving and another must take it into the house he is to occupy.

XUM

A TURKISH CEMETERY IN CONSTANTINOPLE

It is said that the largest Moslem cemetery in the world, which is described as "a wilderness of tombs, covering with its thousands of high, motionless, funeral trees the loftiest elevation in the city," is to be found in Scutari, just across the Bosporus from the Golden Horn



THE "CASTLES OF EUROPE": BOSPORUS

The "Castles of Europe" and the "Castles of Asia" are at Roumeli Hissar and Anadoli Hissar respectively, at the narrowest point on the Bosporus. Here Darius crossed the strait on a pontoon bridge to launch his attack upon the Scythians, and Asiatic foot first touched European soil. The castles on both continents have long since been obsolete as fortifications, but they still stand as the largest and mightiest that Ottoman hand ever reared.

THE "CASTLES OF ASIA," BOSPORUS: THIS ANCIENT FORT IS DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE FORT SHOWN ON THE PRECEDING PAGE

"An Italian professor asked me once if there were any one official language for the American 'Parliament,' or whether each member spoke in his own. The professor was much surprised when I told him that no member had any other tongue than English, and I think he thereafter began to consider our country as a sort of western Austria-Hungary, in which a vast *Italia irredenta*, together with Germanies, Polands, Scandinavias, and other east provinces, were domineered by a powerful oligarchy of Anglo-Saxons" (see text, pages 521 and 523).

A TURKISH FORT IN THE DARDANELLES

If the practical side of life in Constantinople still has its medieval aspects, it is not less so in other ways. Here, again, the sojourner needs all his humor and adaptability and the power of finding amusement in simple ways, for he will find very little in the way of formal amusement. One can practically say that there is no theater. The Turkish theater is to be seen during one month of the year only, and few Europeans would wish any more of it! While the Greek theater is really very good, it is not indigenous, being supplied from Athens, and not many Europeans are capable of appreciating it; and the European colony, large as it is, is too divided to support a good theater in any one language. A wandering star from Paris fills a house for a few nights every season; but the only stage that really flourishes, and that not too prosperously, is the music hall.

NEAR EASTERN MUSIC

In music matters are even worse. The reason, of course, is much the same—the profound cleavage between the real music of the country and the more fashionable imported music of the West. For myself, I do not share the opinion of most Europeans, that Oriental music is merely discord and inanity. A few Russian composers have used Asiatic themes to great effect, and I can imagine some Greek genius, perhaps, formed in the schools of the West, but steeped in the melancholy folk-music of the Levant, discovering a whole new world of music. As yet, however, Constantinople is far from ready for such a man; and in the meantime the few votaries of sound who happen to be there feed their souls on tinny bands and traveling Austrian or Italian operettas. A stray virtuoso or a good string quartette occasionally gives a performance or two in Pera; but a decent symphony orchestra has never been heard in Constantinople.

Along other lines the resources of Constantinople are even more limited. Such a thing as a picture gallery is unheard of, and still less a collection of sculpture. There is, however, the imperial museum, containing a small but excellent choice of classic and Byzantine marbles, of Assyrian and Hittite antiquities, and of Turkish works of art. I must not forget, either, the collection of arms which the late Grand Vizier Mahmoud Shefket Pasha made available to the public. It is most primitively classified and labeled, but at least it is there for the experts of a later day to arrange.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Public libraries have long existed in Constantinople—of a kind—and outsid-

ers may be surprised to hear that all of them are Turkish. The trouble with them is that they are largely independent of each other and contain very little except for the Orientalist. They were all formed and endowed at a time when learning for a Turk consisted in the Koran, its commentaries, the chronicles of the Empire, and the Turkish and Persian poets. Of classic or foreign literature, or of works of reference and research, they contain practically nothing, while to very few of them has a book been added since the day they were opened. Even these little libraries are lacking among the non-Moslem peoples of the city. They, like the Europeans, have access to no other libraries than the very inadequate ones of a few institutions, and then not too easily.

Mr. Carnegie is doubtless too busy planning new philanthropies to read magazines; but if any one who knows him should happen to see this page, let him suggest to the Father of Libraries that no library he ever gave was so badly needed as is a modern public library in Constantinople today, fairly complete at least in French, German, Greek, and Turkish literature of all classes. But it should be fully endowed, in order to do its best work of serving as a model and school of its kind.

NOT GIVEN TO SPORTS

As for sport, there is a little more to be said. The one real Turkish sport is wrestling. The wrestlers wear loose leather breeches; they oil themselves from top to toe, and they permit any kind of hold that will bring a man down. Gentlemen, accordingly, do not indulge in so ungentlemanly a pastime!

Unfortunately for their own stock, they are not greatly inclined to indulge in any other, though the Young Turks are attempting to arouse interest in races and games. It will be some time before such novelties really become acclimated among men who love above all things to sit under a tree and roll cigarettes. But this is a matter in which people are able to please themselves without much organization or outlay, and Europeans find Constantinople an excellent theater for riding, hunting, games, and water sports. In the lack of other diversions, walking, exploring of various kinds, even mild archeologizing, become serious forms of distraction.

The city itself, with all its historic and human interest and the infinite variety of its surroundings, is after all the great resource. People usually imagine Constantinople to possess that vague advantage known as a Mediterranean climate.

NOT A PLEASANT CLIMATE

They forget that it has the Black Sea at its back, and behind that the steppes of Russia. Winter in Constantinople is long and disagreeable, not because of its cold, which is rarely severe, but because of its darkness and penetrating dampness. There may be a late Indian summer and there may be spring days in February; but you cannot count on the sun between October and April. Those six months are really a rainy season, only less rainy than in tropical countries.

And summer is correspondingly dry, when showers are rarities and hillsides scorch brown. The summers are not hot, however, in our American sense; the Black Sea looks to that. A Constantinople summer is cooler than a Delaware, a New Jersey, a Long Island, or, I fancy, than a Massachusetts summer. The Bosporus is never so cold in July and August as the Atlantic can be north of Cape Cod; but, on the other hand, I have never seen the temperature of the shores of the Bosporus so high as I have seen it on the north shore or even on the coast of Maine. Altogether, Constantinople has the makings of a magnificent summer resort—though I am not sure, I hope the world will find it out.

WHERE ADAM AND EVE LIVED

By Frederick and Margaret Simpich

BAGDAD! What a magic word to conjure with! How it hints at romance, adventure, intrigue! No place in all the ancient East stood out so splendidly. No tales can compare with the "Arabian Nights," the old tales of Bagdad. From childhood the name of the mystic city and its famous Caliph, Harun-al-Rashid, have been familiar words to us all.

But how many Americans know just where Bagdad really is or how important it has lately become?

When word came that I must go to Bagdad I lost days getting "routed," as the tourist agents call it. A through ticket from America to Bagdad is hard to buy. It is much easier to be routed all the way round the world—along the beaten trail. Even on the Atlantic steamer the word "Bagdad" stamped on my ticket seemed to confuse folks. When the purser read it he scowled and was puzzled; later I heard him tell a boy—in low tones—to bring an atlas. He was brushing up on geography, locating Bagdad (see map on another page).

The road to Bagdad, you will admit, is devious and long. My ticket was good for one continuous ride from New York to Egypt, over Pharaoh's bones in the Red Sea, past Cain's tomb at sun-scorched Aden, to Colombo, Bombay, Karachee, Maskat, old pirate haunt and ancient stronghold of Albuquerque, the Portuguese; thence up the boiling Persian Gulf, past Sinbad's treasure island of Hormuz, to Busra, the "Balsora" of the "Arabian Nights;" and, lastly, 500 miles up the winding Tigris, past the reputed tomb of the prophet Ezra—shrine of Jewish hordes—to Bagdad! Seventeen thousand miles from San Francisco, my starting point; five changes of ships, two months of travel!*

*Europeans going to Bagdad sometimes travel by rail to Aleppo, and from there make a three-weeks' caravan journey over the desert to Bagdad; but disturbances among the Bedouins often render this route very dangerous; the journey is also possible only during the cooler months. Most travelers reach Bagdad via Suez, Bombay, etc.

HERE, THEN, IS BAGDAD

Here, then, is Bagdad—in Turkish Arabia, near the Persian frontier, hard by old Eden, man's birthplace. Here on the classic soil of Babylon, Nineveh, and Opis once flourished the pick of the human race; here was the center of the world's wealth, power, and civilization. And back to this ancient region modern men are turning, to reclaim its lost areas, open its mines and oil deposits—to restore the Garden of Eden!

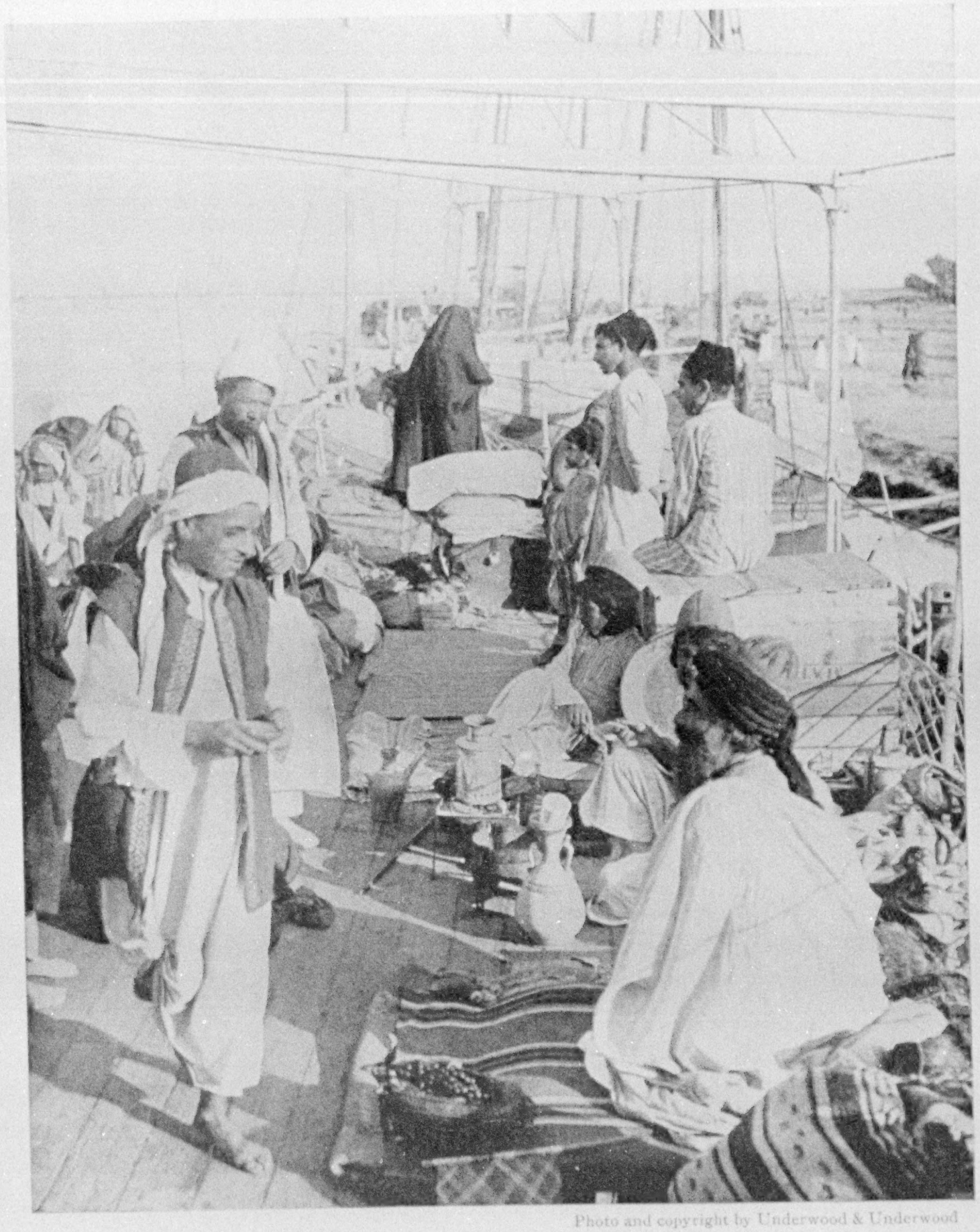
From the deck of a Tigris steamer Bagdad looms up boldly, its splendid sky-line of domes and minarets reminding one of some "Midway" of World's Fair memory. An odd pontoon bridge connects the two parts of the city, separated by the yellow Tigris. On the west bank is the old town, inclosed by date and orange groves. From here the new Bagdad-Aleppo Railway will start on its long run across the trackless desert. East of the river, on the Persian side, is "new" Bagdad, with its government offices, barracks, consulates, prisons, etc. Here, too, is the great government factory, where uniforms, blankets, turbans, and other soldiers' supplies are made.

Beyond, as far as the eye can reach in every direction, stretches the vast, flat, treeless, empty plain of Mesopotamia—a region once more populous than Belgium.

THE GOOFAH AND THE KELEK

I was paddled ashore from the steamer in a "goofah," a queer, coracle-like craft in use here since Jonah's day. A goofah is woven from willows about 6 feet in diameter, is perfectly circular and basket-shaped, and is coated outside with bitumen. Some say Moses was cut adrift in one of these goofahs (see page 549).

Another strange craft at Bagdad is the "kelek," a Kurdish invention. The kelek is a raft made of inflated goatskins, held together by poles and covered with a platform of straw mats. These keleks come down to Bagdad in hundreds from Mosul, bringing wool, pottery, grain, and skins (see page 548).



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LIFE AMONG THE ARAB PASSENGERS ON A TIGRIS STEAMER, BOUND FOR BAGDAD

"Bagdad is in Turkish Arabia, near the Persian frontier, hard by old Eden, man's birthplace. Here on the classic soil of Babylon, Nineveh, and Opis once flourished the pick of the human race; here was the center of the world's wealth, power, and civilization. And back to this ancient region modern men are turning, to reclaim its lost areas, open its mines and oil deposits—to restore the Garden of Eden" (see text, page 546).

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TYPICAL TIGRIS RIVER CRAFT (KELEK) BEARING PASSENGERS FROM DIARBEKR TO MOSUL

"A strange craft at Bagdad is the 'kelek,' a Kūrdish invention. The kelek is a raft made of inflated goatskins, held together by poles and covered with a platform of straw mats. These kelecks come down to Bagdad in hundreds from Mosul, bringing wool, pottery, grain, and skins" (see text, page 546).

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LANDING FROM THE STEAMER: BAGDAD

"I was paddled ashore from the steamer in a 'goofah,' a queer, coracle-like craft in use here since Jonah's day. A goofah is woven from willows about 6 feet in diameter, is perfectly circular and basket-shaped, and is coated outside with bitumen. Some say Moses was cut adrift in one of these goofahs" (see text, page 546).

Photo by Frederick Simpich

UP-TO-DATE STEAMERS PLY THE TIGRIS RIVER FROM BAGDAD TO THE SEA, 500 MILES AWAY; NOTE THE ROUND BOATS, OR GOOFAHS, BRINGING PASSENGERS ASHORE AND THE DOZEN AND MORE SURROUNDING THE RIVER STEAMER

"Bagdad was for centuries the capital of the whole Mohammedan world, visited annually by shahs, nawabs, and Indian princes; it was a maelstrom of vice, so weakened by its own excesses that when Halagu, grandson of Jenghiz Khan, swooped down upon its carousing nobles, they fell stupid victims to his Tatar ax" (see text, page 552).

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

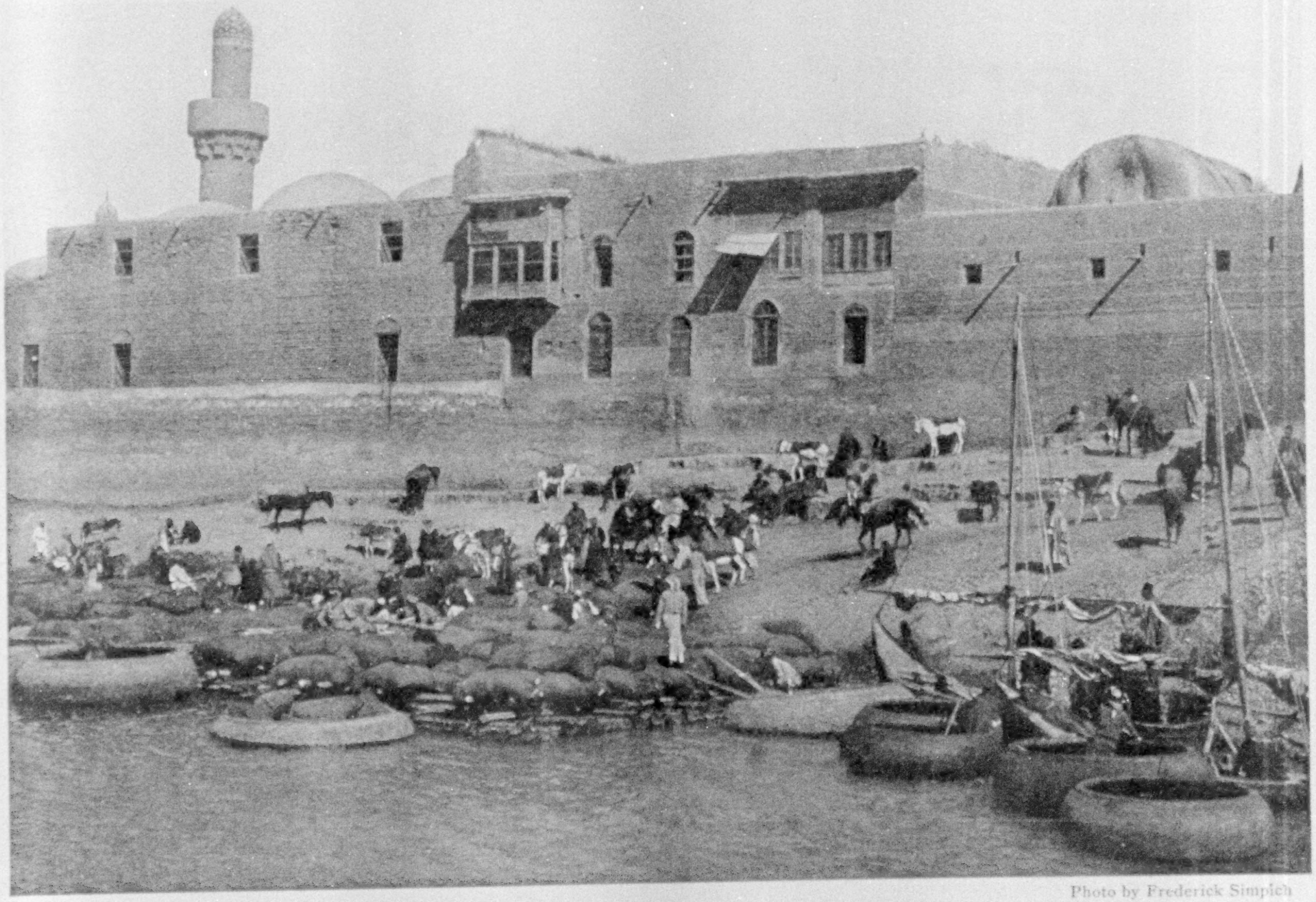


Photo by Frederick Simpich

THE WATER FRONT AT BAGDAD, SHOWING "KELEKS" AND "GOOFAHS" (SEE PAGES 548 AND 549)

The present custom-house at Bagdad is a wing of the old palace of Harun-al-Rashid; yards of scrawling Arabic characters, cut in marble panels, still adorn its historic walls. Crowding through a maze of baled goods, derricks, naked Arabs, pack-mules, camels, and strange smells, the new-comer emerges from the custom-house only to hunt in vain for the "main street that leads uptown."

Bagdad arteries of traffic are mere alleys, often so narrow that two donkeys cannot pass. Once I saw Turkish soldiers try to move artillery through Bagdad. The streets were so narrow the horses had to be unhitched, and men moved the guns about by hand.

A great wall encircles Bagdad, with guarded gateways, as in medieval days. Flat-roofed, huddled Moorish houses, many almost windowless and each surrounding its own open court, are a distinct feature of the older parts of Bagdad. On these flat roofs Arabs spend the summer nights with tom-toms, flutes, water-pipes, and dancing women. Facing the river, removed from the Arab town, are built the imposing foreign consulates, mercantile offices, and the sumptuous homes of rich Jews, Armenians, Greeks, and Syrians—the men who have made New Bagdad.

ALI BABA'S AGE IS PASSED

But the Bagdad of Ali Baba's day, with the splendor of Aladdin's enchanted age, is gone forever. The palaces, the mosques, and minarets are mostly in ruins. Even the tomb of lovely lady Zobeida, favorite wife of Harun-al-Rashid, is tumbled down and decayed. It is into modern monuments to New Bagdad—into roads, bridges, public buildings, irrigation works, army organization, dredging the Tigris, etc.—that the Young Turks are putting their money.

With Bagdad's tumultuous past, since its founding by El Mansur in 731, the modern Bagdaddis are not concerned. Every one knows, of course, that Bagdad was for centuries the capital of the whole Mohammedan world, visited annually by shahs, nawabs, and Indian princes; that it was a maelstrom of vice, so weakened by its own excesses that when Halagu, grandson of Jenghiz Khan, swooped down upon its carousing nobles they fell stupid victims to his Tatar ax.

Modern Bagdad is in safer hands; no dissipated royalty guards its gates. Sober, clear-headed men, drilled in the best schools of modern Europe, able to hold their own anywhere, administer the affairs of this important Turkish province of Bagdad. As late as 1830 the Tigris overflowed its banks, swept through Bagdad, and drowned 15,000 people in one night. This could not happen now; a great levee, built by skilled Turkish engineers, surrounds the town.

If the "Forty Thieves" started operations in Bagdad nowadays they would go to jail; Sinbad himself would be asked to "tell it to the Danes." Dashing Zobeida, with her fast social set, would sigh in vain for the gay life of old. Modern Bagdad has no time for scandal and duels; it has found its work.

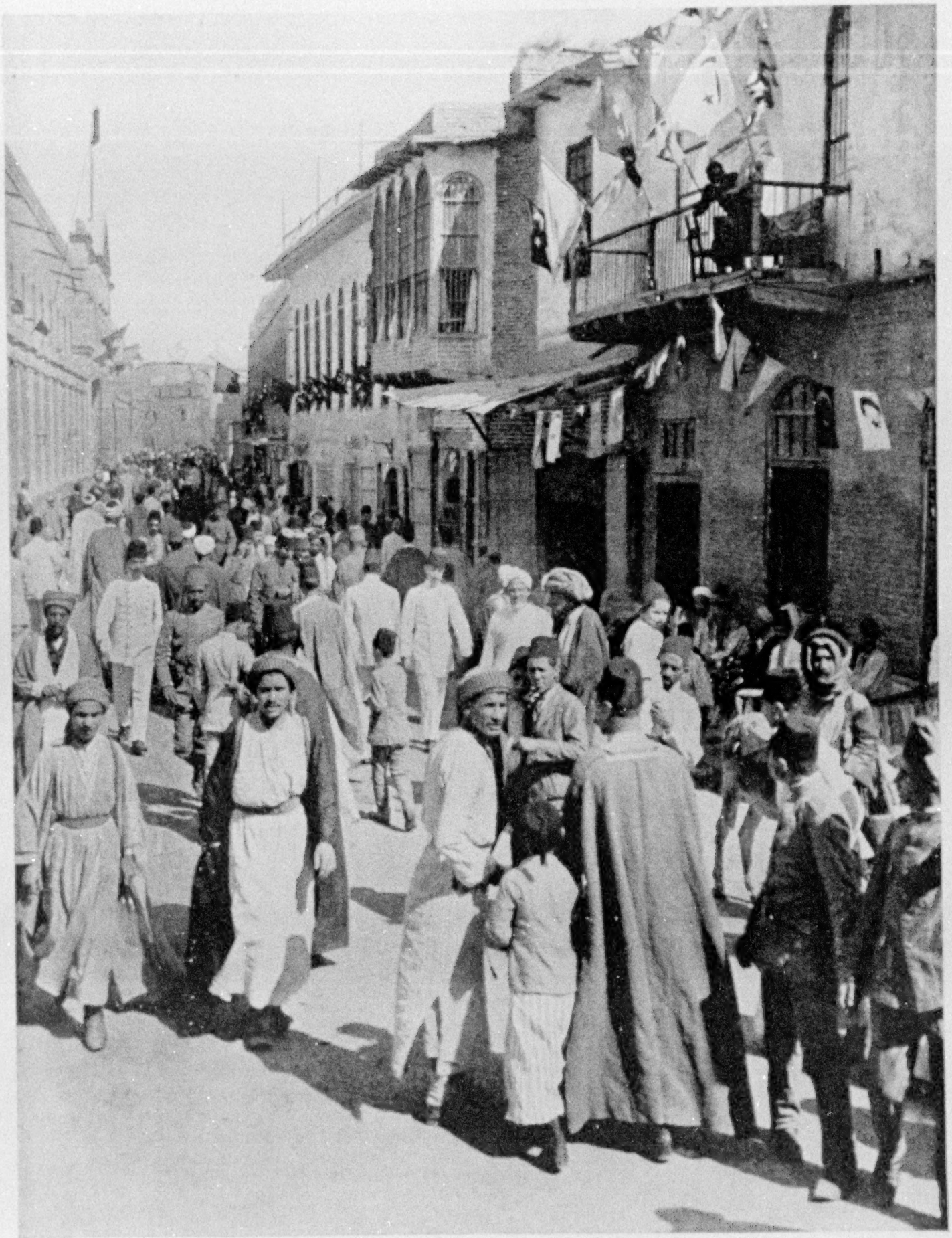
BAGDAD A WATCH-TOWER FOR THE POWERS

In the awakening of the Middle East Bagdad has assumed a position of considerable importance. Here England, Russia, and Germany established their diplomatic sentinels, as at Teheran; and from Bagdad they looked on at short range, following each other's every move in the great game of Middle Eastern politics. Bagdad has become a sort of watch-tower for the Powers on the outskirts of civilization. Here the agents of land-hungry nations watched the throes of the awakening East, waiting for the imminent shifting of a map that has remained unchanged for centuries.

So Bagdad today is important, not because of its romantic past or because Sinbad lived here, but because it has become the busy center of a great field of action—the theater of international war for political and commercial supremacy in the Middle East.

From the northwest, by way of El Helif and Mosul, is approaching the famous "German Bagdad Railway," destined to link India with Europe and bring Bagdad close to Paris.

Ordinarily Bagdad's streets are as safe at night as those of New York or London. The Sixth Turkish Army Corps,



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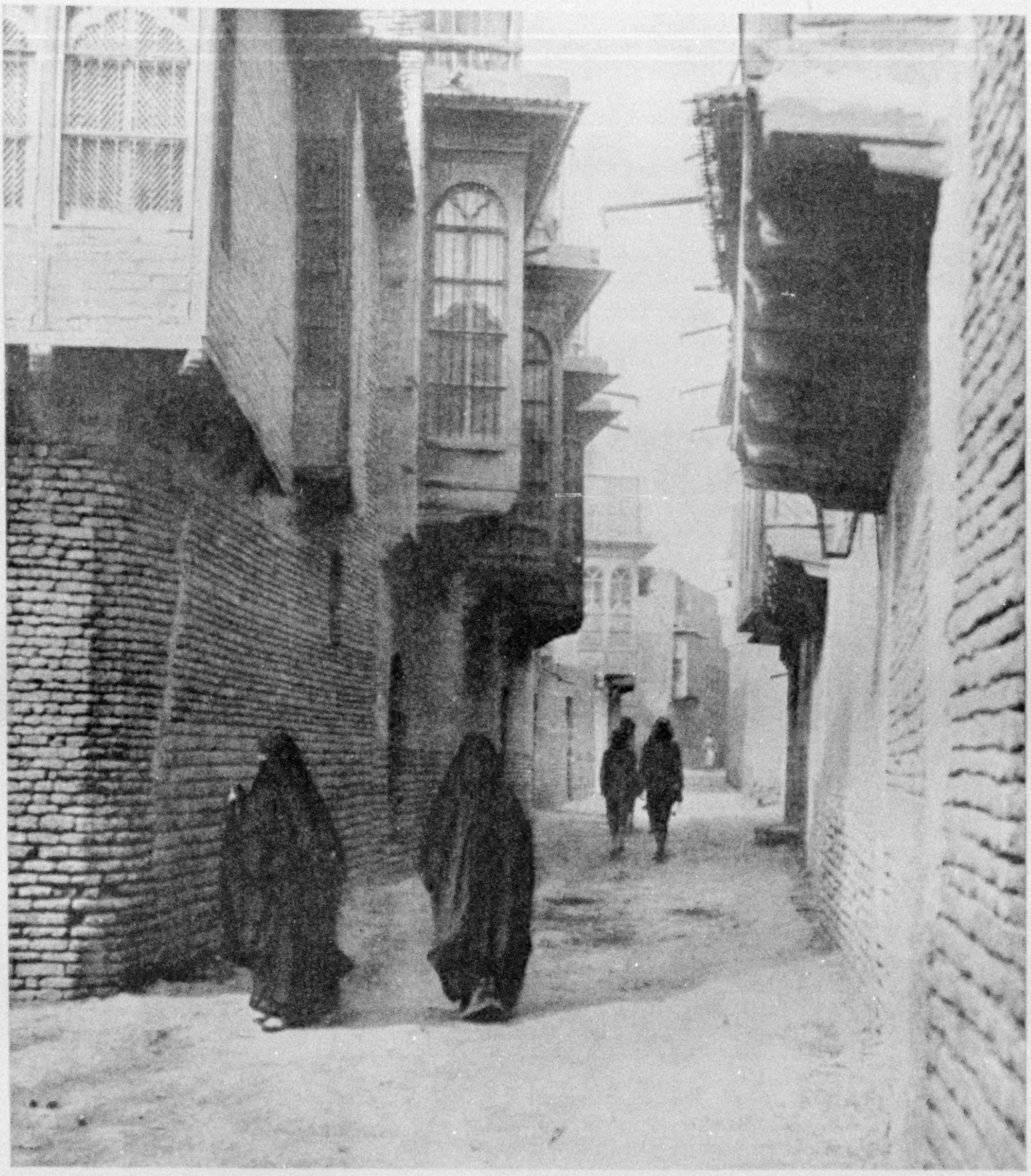
THE PRINCIPAL STREET OF BAGDAD, WHERE THE JEWS AND MOSLEMS THRONG

"If the 'Forty Thieves' started operations in Bagdad nowadays they would go to jail; Sinbad himself would be asked to 'tell it to the Danes.' Dashing Zobeida, with her fast social set, would sigh in vain for the gay life of old. Modern Bagdad has no time for scandal and duels; it has found its work" (see text, page 552).



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TYPICAL STREET AND MOHAMMEDAN HOMES AT BAGDAD

"Think what a sensation would ensue in any American sitting-room if an Arab woman, her nails, lips, and eyelashes dyed, her limbs tattooed, rings in her nose, and anklets jangling, might suddenly appear—silk bloomers and all—in the midst of a crowd of Yankee women! Our own composure and self-restraint might not be any greater than that showed by these Arab women at Bagdad when I, an American girl in street clothes, appeared among them. They crowded about, feeling my hands and face, getting down on their knees to admire my high-heel shoes, stroking the skirt of my blue tailored suit, behaving like excited children with a new toy. My hat-pins were a source of great wonder, and my tight-fitting coat brought forth many a fervent 'All-a-a-h!'" (see text).

Photo and copyright by Underwood & Underwood

PICTURESQUE HOMES OF WEALTHY JEWS ALONG THE TIGRIS, IN NORTH BAGDAD

25,000 strong, is stationed at Bagdad and is an effective force. In the picturesque old Serai, or Government House, the Vali (Governor-General) holds his court, surrounded by aides in gold braid and fezzes. Every one, civil or military, in the Turkish government service must wear the fez.

On the flat plain outside Bagdad dapper Turkish officers, drilled in German military schools, are training the raw Arab recruits, teaching them to shoot and to do the German "goose step." The rattle of the machine gun—like riveting machines on a steel skyscraper—is a familiar sound on the plain outside the city gates.

THE PEOPLE, TOO, ARE CHANGED

Pilgrims still flock to the ancient shrines of Sheik Abd-ul-Kadir and Abu Hauefah, the Shia Imams, and hordes pour through from Persia en route to Holy Nedjef; but the sort of men whose quick wits and ready swords lent luster to the stirring tales in the Arabian Nights have departed. In their shoes stand shrewd Jews and Armenians, who ship wool, dates, and rugs to America and import "piece goods" at the rate of $5,000,000 a year from Manchester. To ride a galloping camel one mile would break every bone in their soft bodies, and the mere sight of an old-time Bagdad blade would give them congestive chills.

The hard-riding, fierce-fighting fellows of old are gone forever. Grim barter has supplanted the gay life. As has been said, "Trade is greater than tradition, and foreign consuls above the name of Caliph."

At nightfall the narrow streets of Bagdad are still noisy with the dull rattle of tom-toms and the shrill notes of the Arab flute. Painted ladies in ear-rings, anklets, and baggy trousers sing and dance on the flat roofs; but the ear-rings and anklets are imported from Austria; the lady herself came from Port Said, and her dance is better staged in half the cities of America by women who have never seen the East—the home of "le danse du ventre." Her "act" would not be well received in any other place than Bagdad.

Along the Tigris are many coffee shops, where brokers sit at night smoking bubbling "narghiles" and talking trade. Even their red fezzes came from Germany. Oil in their lamps came from the Yankee octopus—in British bottoms, of course. Only their red, turned-up shoes, their bright keffeyas, and their long, flowing abbas were made in Bagdad. Squads of Armenian and Chaldean youths stroll by, with here and there a bevy of girls, all clad in semi-European clothes, significant of a changing East.

Till lately Bagdad, more than any other city in the Ottoman Empire, has been slow to yield to Europe's influence. For centuries Bagdad kept close to the Bedouin life, under the sway of nomad customs. Even now Bagdad's famous bazaars, despite her evolution in other ways, are conducted as they were a thousand years ago. These Arab trading places have changed not one whit since Abraham's time. Here is barter and sale as Marco Polo found it, as it was in the days of the Three Wise Men who bought gifts for Bethlehem.

BAGDAD'S BUSY BAZAARS

Here is such a mob as Christ drove from the temple—a vortex of usury. For a thousand years brown men in turbans have bought, bartered and sold, wheedled and cheated in this magic old mart. From Tokyo to Teheran there is no such place where Europe's hand seems absolutely stayed. If Herodotus came back he could see no changes since his day.

The shopping streets seem like tunnels; they are arched overhead with brick to keep out the heat; thus they run, like subways, up and down the bazaar quarter. Through these long, stifling, faintly lighted tunnels throngs the eternal crowd of men, mules, and camels. On each side are stalls no larger than telephone booths. Cross-legged in each booth, his wares piled high about him, sits the Arab or Jew trader. Brown women, their faces hid by yashmaks, upset the ordered piles of goods and haggle shrilly. Here, as in Peking's famous "Pipe street," men selling similar wares are grouped together.

What would New York say if all the cigar stands were in Brooklyn, the boot-

Photo and copyright by Underwood & Underwood

PECULIAR DOUBLE-DECKED HORSE-CARS ON A SUBURBAN STREET: BAGDAD, MESOPOTAMIA

"In May sandstorms from the Arab desert strike Bagdad, choking the people with fine, hot dust, obscuring the whole city in a thick, stifling gray cloud. You can see this dust cloud approach from the southwest—a wide, long, lead-covered wave of awful aspect. A fierce wind, its breath like an oven blast, threshes the tall palms and roars through the narrow, mud-walled streets. The thermometer climbs to a sizzling height" (see text, p. 562).

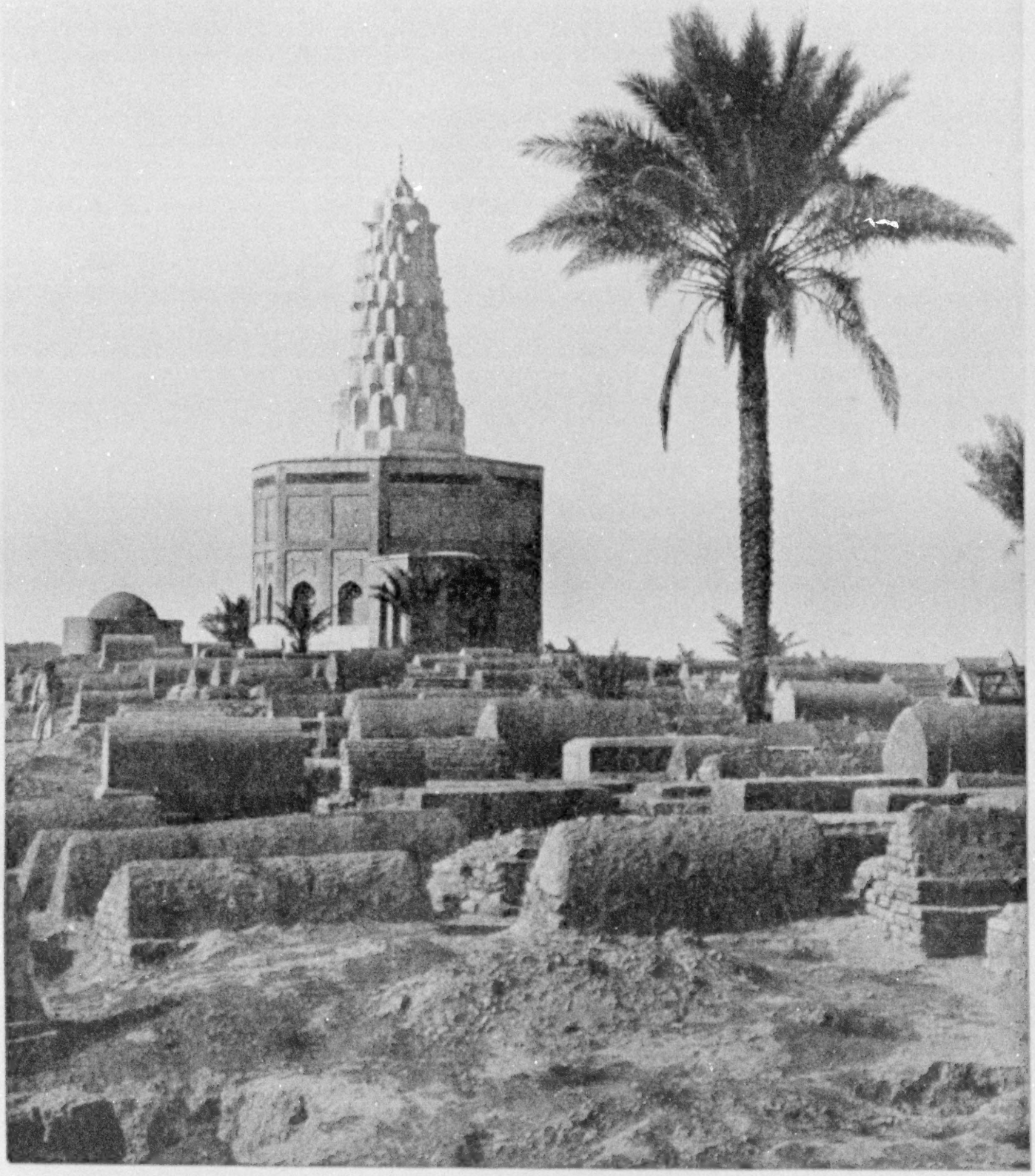


Photo by Frederick Simpich

THE TOMB OF ZOBEIDA, THE FAVORITE WIFE OF HARUN-AL-RASHID, NEAR BAGDAD: ARAB WOMEN VENERATE THE MEMORY OF ZOBEIDA

"From the first day at Bagdad I felt the subtle charm of the East—that mystic spell that seizes on the souls of those who trespass on its ancient places—and here every law of the life we know seems changed. Between us—women of the West—and these daughters of the desert is a gulf, impassable and not of our own making; it is a barrier of religion—a religion that allows one man to have four wives at once" (see text, page 567).

blacks in the Bronx, and the lunch-counters in Newark?

Up from a myriad of throats comes conversation in Arabic, Armenian, Turkish, Kurdish, and Persian; in Greek, Hindustani, and French. "Barlack!" your guide yells to loafers in your path—"Get out of the way!" "Barlack, Effendi!" if the loiterer is more than mere clay.

ARABIAN HUMOR

The peddlers have a sense of humor; the flower vender shouts, "Salih Hamatak!" literally, "Appease your mother-in-law." The roast-pea man sings out, "Umm Ennarein!" or "Mother of Two Fires," meaning the peas are twice roasted. Slow-moving camels do not "keep close to the curb," as police regulations would require of them elsewhere. Here are no traffic rules; the rudest and strongest only move with freedom. They and the vagabond dogs, thousands of whom sleep in the filth underfoot, are undisturbed.

MAKING RARE OLD RUGS

Often you may see a fine rug lying flat in the filth of the narrow street, ground beneath the tramp of men and beasts; but there is method in this. Foreigners make Oriental rugs, bright and new, in Persia, and sell them through Bagdad. Since an "old" rug is worth more, wily brokers have hit on this shameful way to make a new rug look old; the latest art effort thus soon becomes a "rare old rug," so far as the eventual owner in America knows.

In short side streets are theaters, gaudy places where night is turned to day and much coffee is consumed. Here fakirs eat swords, pull live toads from soiled turbans, and roll chickens into snakes.

And everywhere, elbowing the throng, are the neat, brightly uniformed officers of the Young Turk army, come in from the foreign quarter to see the old bazaar. The ragged, slouching zaptiehs of Abdul Hamid's day are gone from view.

Giant Kurds, called "hamals," do the carrying. I saw one Kurd carry 700 pounds on his back, a belt passed over the load and beneath his bent head to balance the weight. A hamal in summer lives almost wholly on "khiyar" (raw cucumbers), eating over three pounds daily (see page 533).

The bazaar folk eat strange things. Strips of fat from the fat-tail sheep are much eaten; then there is goat sausage, manna, gourds, pomegranates, citrons, skins of dried dates and figs, mutton, beef—everything but pork. No one starves; beggars are few. Much grain comes down from up the Tigris on keleks (see page 548).

COPPERSMITHS AND SHOEMAKERS

Old-time arts flourish here, too. Coppersmiths, naked to the waist, hammer furiously in the subdued glow of their forges, making vases, urns, and kettles of quaint beauty. Some of the trays they make are five feet across. Bedouins fancy these; they say huge vessels indicate huge generosity. Here is much fine camel gear, too, and mule bridles decorated with colored shells, and pistol holsters all silk-embroidered.

In one shop I saw over 400 shoemakers, every man turning out exactly the same kind of a shoe—the eternal red ones with curved toes. Much ancient armor, weapons, Babylonian coins, and other alleged antiquities are offered for sale. Most of this junk is made "fresh every hour" in Birmingham, especially for the Bagdad trade. Worldly-wise Jews, realizing that *rare things* cannot be had in abundance, are meeting the curio demand in a business way.

An old law says the arched roof of the bazaar must be high enough so a man on a camel, carrying a lance, can ride under without bumping. Most Bedouin visitors, however, leave their camels outside the city gates. One identifies these desert folk at a glance. Their long sunburned hair, faded garments, stout camel sticks, and wild, furtive looks easily mark them as from the waste places. You see them, too, holding one corner of a soiled garment to their noses; the fetid air of the bazaar, after the desert purity, is unbearable. Thousands of the bazaar folk die every year from tuberculosis.

XUM

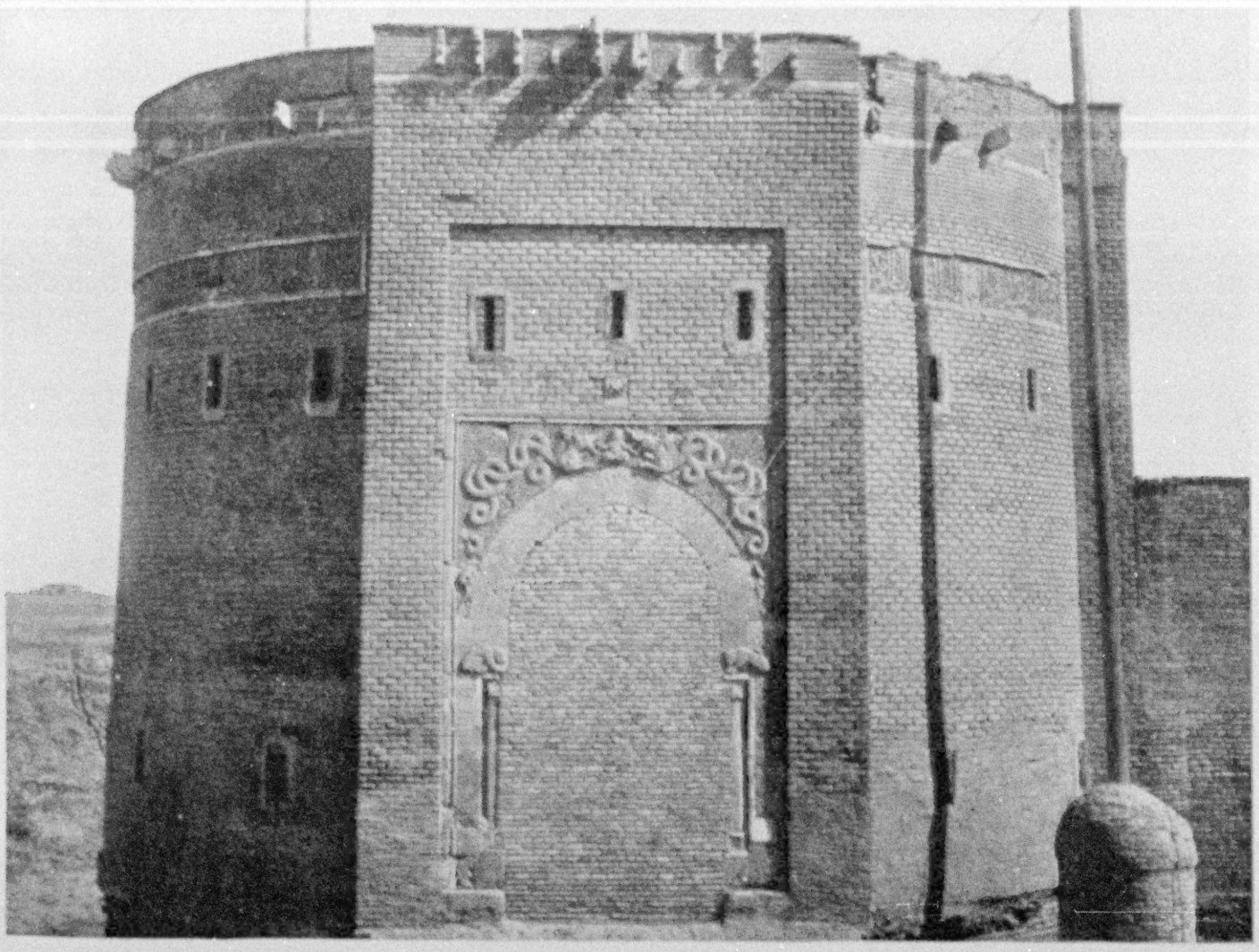


Photo by Frederick Simpich

ONE OF BAGDAD'S ANCIENT GATES

After the fall of the caliph who built it, this gate was walled up and has never been used since. "A great wall encircles Bagdad, with guarded gateways, as in medieval days. Flat-roofed, huddled Moorish houses, many almost windowless and each surrounding its own open court, are a distinct feature of the older parts of Bagdad. On these flat roofs Arabs spend the summer nights with tom-toms, flutes, water-pipes, and dancing women" (see text, page 552).

During the Ramazan feast the bazaar is open all night. For a month Moslems fast all day, eating only at night, when the great signal guns at the Serai boom out that it is sunset. Bagdad's bazaar on Ramazan nights is a picturesque, noisy, riotous place, where it is not difficult to find trouble.

RESTORING THE GARDEN OF EDEN

Fifty miles west of Bagdad, along the Euphrates, lies the region now commonly regarded as the Garden of Eden. To irrigate this Eden and to reclaim millions of fertile acres around Bagdad is the stupendous task to which the Turkish government has addressed itself.

At Mussayeb, on the Euphrates, I saw 4,000 Arabs digging like moles in the Babylonian plain, making a new channel for the river. In the dry bed of this artificial channel an enormous dam is being built. Steel and machinery from America are in use. When all is ready, the Euphrates will be diverted from its old bed and turned into this new channel, the dam raising the water to the level required for irrigation.

Nebuchadnezzar's vast irrigation system, which once watered all Babylonia, can still be easily traced for miles about Bagdad. One giant canal, the Narawan, runs parallel with the Tigris for nearly 300 miles; it is 350 feet wide, and all about it the take-offs and laterals may still be identified. Herodotus says he found a "forest of verdure from end to end" when he visited Mesopotamia.

THE OLD ORDER PASSING

Already the river Arabs are taking to irrigation by modern methods; the na-

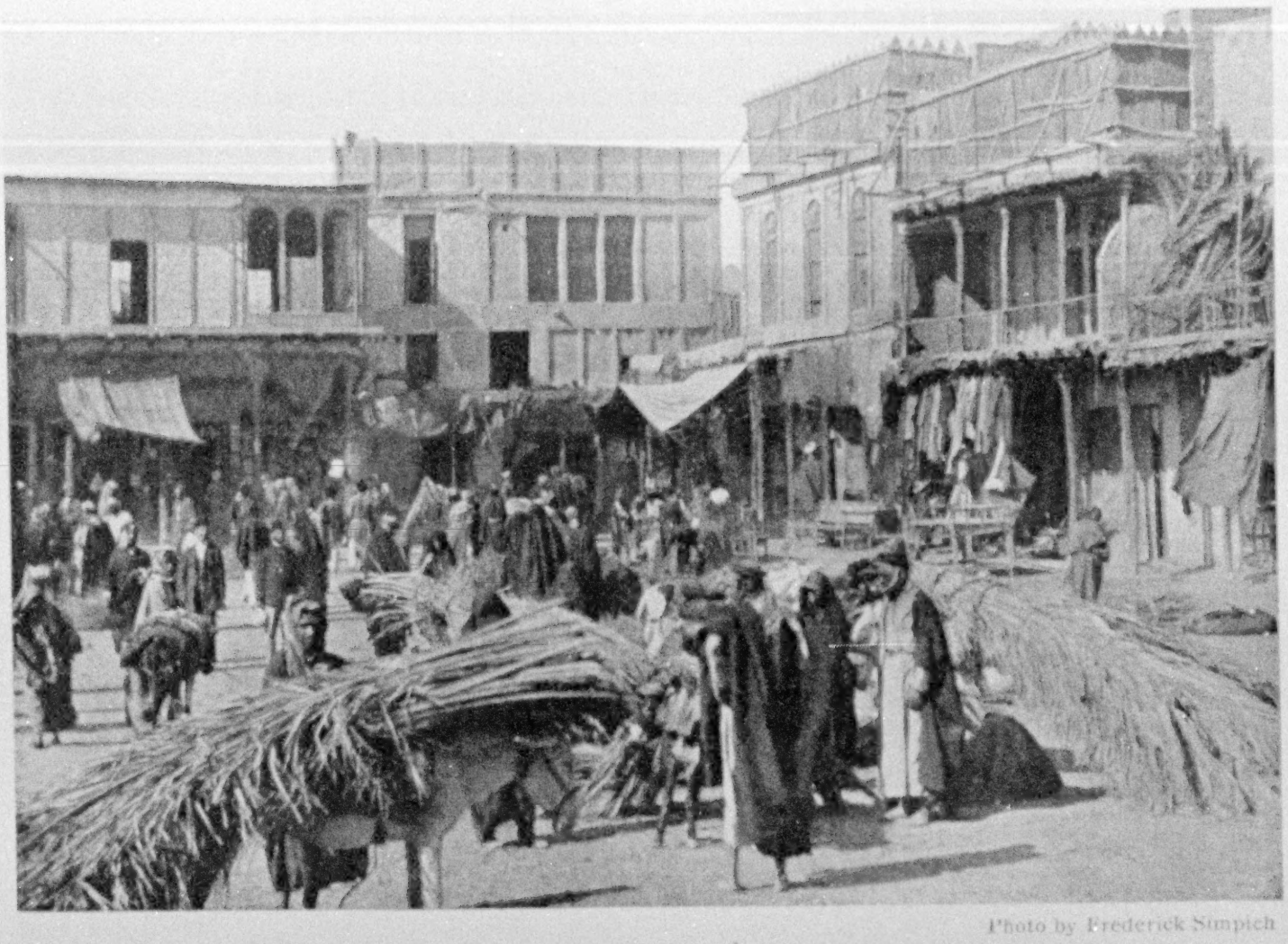


Photo by Frederick Simpich

AN OPEN PLAZA IN BAGDAD'S BUSY BAZAAR

tive "cherrid," consisting of a goatskin drawn over a pulley for lifting water from the river, is disappearing; so is the Euphrates water-wheel. Oil engines and pumps are fast coming into use: more than 300 outfits were sold to Arab farmers about Bagdad in 1909-1910.

It is estimated that the work of putting this vast area into shape for modern irrigation farming will call for a total outlay of $130,000,000. The total area that could be successfully irrigated aggregates 12,500,000 acres; but the project under immediate contemplation embraces only 3,500,000 acres. The cost per acre, therefore, on the work planned would be slightly more than $37 per acre. It is estimated that the land could be leased at a figure that would bring in a 9 per cent return on the investment. Preliminary contracts were let in 1912, but the outbreak of the war has resulted in the suspension of the work for the time being, at least.

South of Bagdad, in the Karun River region, oil wells have been sunk, pipelines laid, and refineries built. Twenty thousand tons of pipe came from America under one order. American well-drillers are employed. Coal at Bagdad costs from $15 to $20 per ton; now fuel oil will be used. Bitumen or asphalt lakes and springs abound along the northern reaches of the Tigris and will contribute to the prosperity of Bagdad as developed.

SIDE LIGHTS ON BAGDAD'S DAILY LIFE

About fifty foreigners—British, German, Russian, Italian, and French—lived in Bagdad before the war. Because of their isolation and unusual surroundings, a word about their daily life makes a good story. Twelve of these foreigners are consuls or consular agents; the rest are engaged mostly in trade. Arabs do not readily pick up a foreigner's name, but identify him usually by his work. The licorice buyer, for example, is known far and wide as Abu Sus, "Father of the Licorice." There was also the "Father of the Rugs," the "Father of the Steamers," and the dentist was called the "Father of the Teeth."

Beneath every dwelling-house is its "serdab"—a deep, cellar-like chamber,

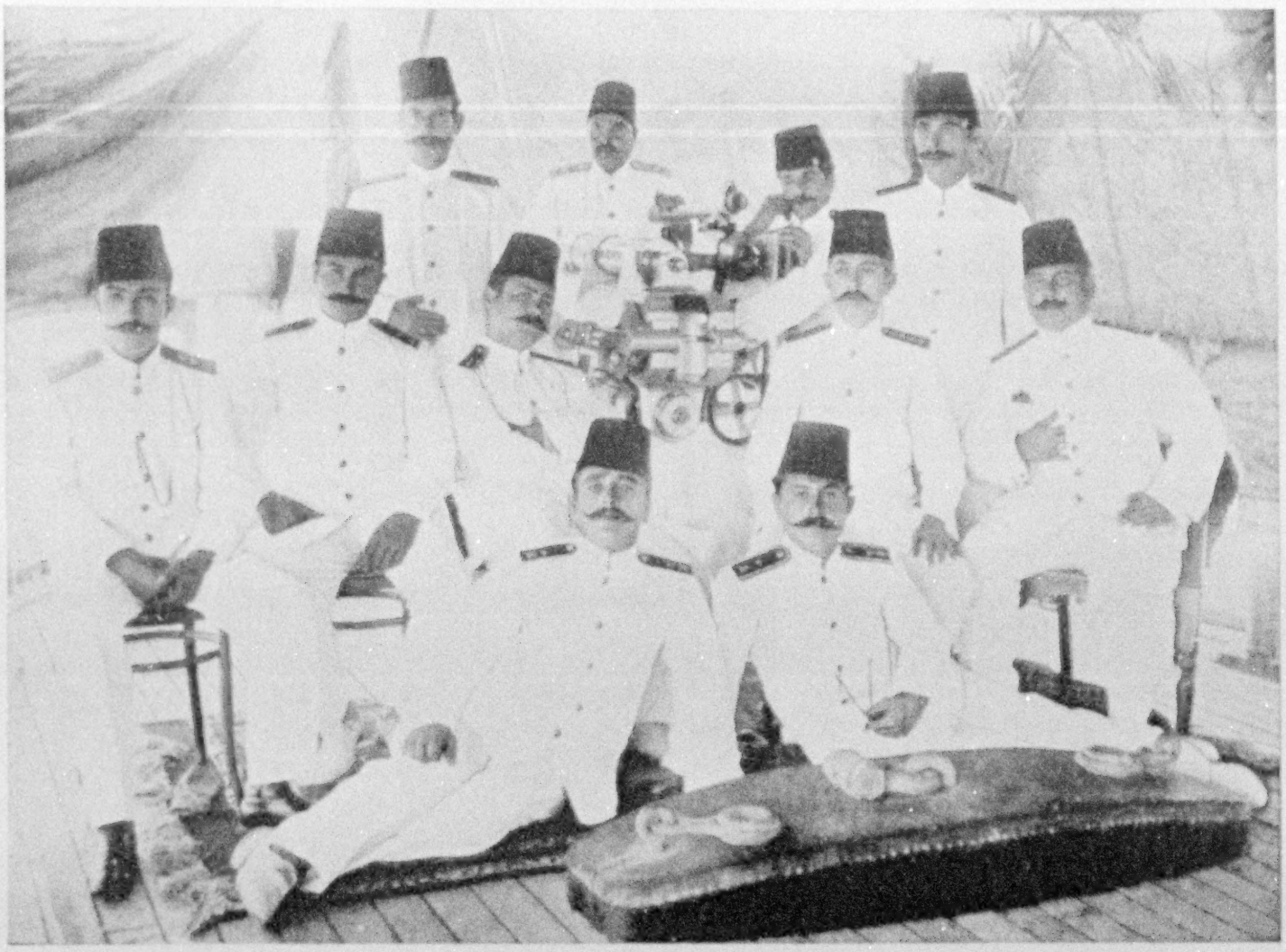


Photo by Frederick Simpich

OFFICERS OF THE YOUNG TURKS' NAVY, STATIONED AT BAGDAD, TIGRIS RIVER

"Modern Bagdad is in safer hands; no dissipated royalty guards its gates. Sober, clear-headed men, drilled in the best schools of modern Europe, able to hold their own anywhere, administer the affairs of this important Turkish province of Bagdad" (see text, page 552).

with mats of camel's-thorn darkening its few small windows. Onto these mats water is constantly thrown during midday to cool the air. Water to drink is cooled in earthen jugs called "tongua." Meat must be eaten a few hours after killing.

The climate is like that of Egypt or Lower California—hot, dry summers and beautiful winters.

In May sand-storms from the Arab desert strike Bagdad, choking the people with fine, hot dust, obscuring the whole city in a thick, stifling gray cloud. You can see this dust cloud approach from the southwest—a wide, long, lead-covered wave of awful aspect. A fierce wind, its breath like an oven blast, threshes the tall palms and roars through the narrow, mud-walled streets. The thermometer climbs to a sizzling height. A native told me of one such storm that struck Bagdad twenty years ago, when the air grew so hot that even after the storm was passed the suffering folk were forced to pour water on their straw mats to cool them off enough to lie on. Scorpions frisk freely about many of these Bagdad serdabs, but their sting is not fatal.

THE DATE BOIL

An uncanny, pernicious pest called the "date boil" scars the face of every human born in Bagdad. Children invariably have this dreadful sore on their faces. Throughout the Middle East this mysterious scourge is known by various names—"Buton d'Alep," "Nile sore," "Delhi button," etc. Its cause and its cure are unknown. First a faint red spot appears, growing larger and running a course often 18 months long.

White men from foreign lands have lived years in Arabia, only to have this boil appear upon their return to civiliza-

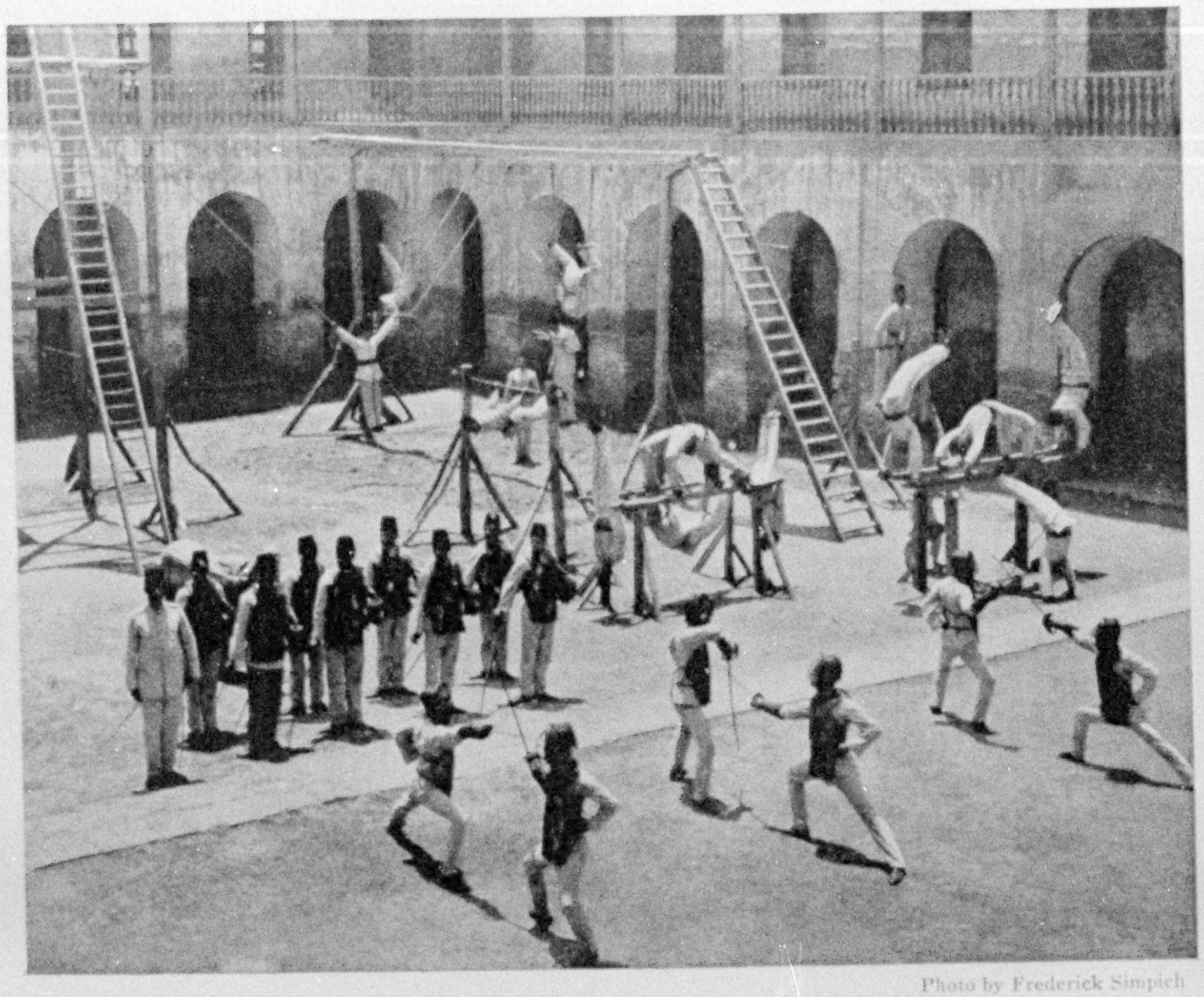


Photo by Frederick Simpich

ARAB RECRUITS BEING DRILLED IN TURKISH MILITARY SCHOOL AT BAGDAD

tion, where its presence is embarrassing and hard to explain. Maybe it was "date boils" that Job had! Once a British consul at Aleppo lost almost his whole nose from one of these boils. Nearly every Bagdad native you meet has this "date mark" on his face.

THE TOWER OF BABEL WAS "LOCATED" HERE

Since 1888, when the University of Pennsylvania sent its archeological expedition to Bagdad to explore buried cities on the Chaldean plain, few Americans have passed this way. The Arabs about ancient Nippur, where the American expedition excavated, remember the men of that party very well, however. While I was in Bagdad a grizzled old desert guide came and asked after the health of the men who left Bagdad for Philadelphia more than 20 years ago! The American medical missionaries at Busra are well known among all the tribes in lower Mesopotamia, of course.

But Americans in Bagdad are as yet an unknown quantity. For a year I lived there, the sole specimen of my kind. Yet the 180,000 inhabitants show a striking variety, almost justifying the tradition which locates the "Tower of Babel" near Bagdad (page 566). Certainly the mixed races living in Bagdad produce even now a striking "confusion of tongues":

Sunni Moslems	120,000
Shia Moslems	15,000
Jews	40,000
Chaldeans	1,600
Syrians	1,200
Greeks	150
Hindus	75
Europeans	40

This mixture preserves a peace balance, undoubtedly, and saves Bagdad from the race wars and massacres common in Asia Minor, where Moslem meets Christian.

Photo by Frederick Simpich

VIEW OF TURKISH ARMY BARRACKS AT BAGDAD

"On the flat plain outside Bagdad dapper Turkish officers, drilled in German military schools, are training the raw Arab recruits, teaching them to shoot and to do the German 'goose step.' The rattle of the machine gun—like riveting machines on a steel skyscraper—is a familiar sound on the plain outside the city gates". (see text, page 556).

MUX

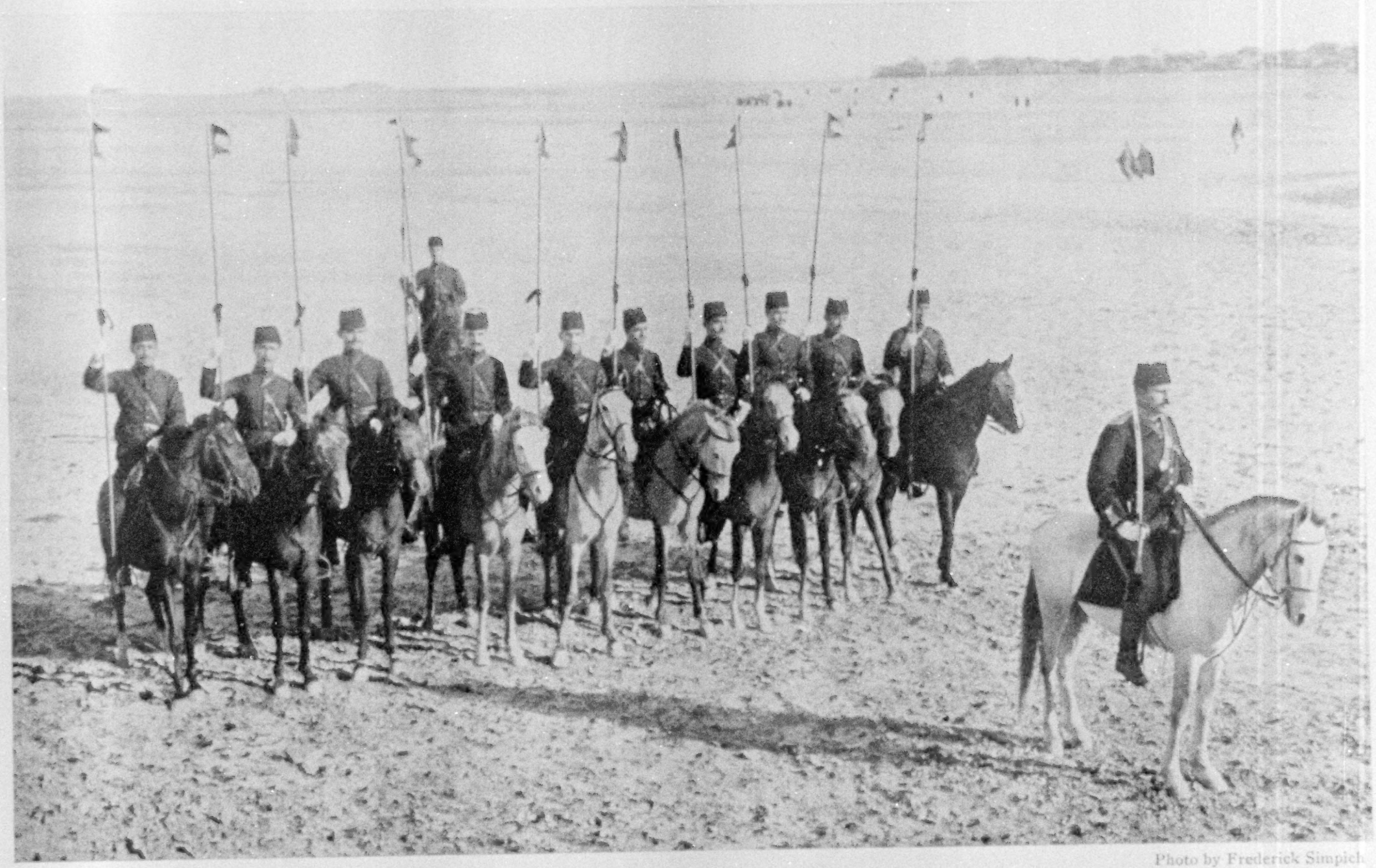
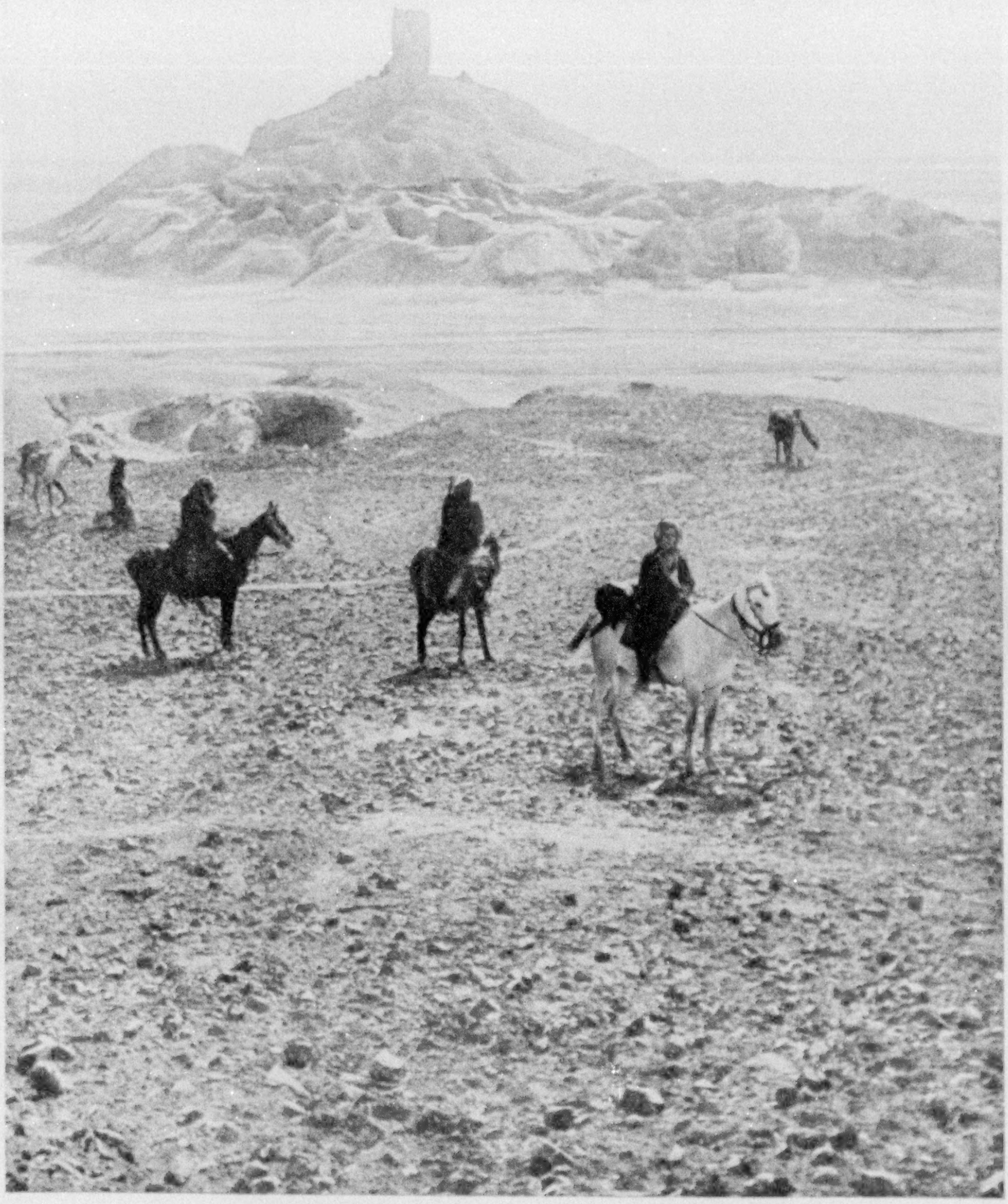


Photo by Frederick Simpich

A CRACK CAVALRY SQUAD AT BAGDAD



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THE TRADITIONAL TOWER OF BABEL: IMPOSING RUINS AT BARSIFFA, NEAR BAGDAD

"Nebuchadnezzar's vast irrigation system, which once watered all Babylonia, can still be easily traced for miles about Bagdad. One giant canal, the Narawan, runs parallel with the Tigris for nearly 300 miles; it is 350 feet wide, and all about it the take-offs and laterals may still be identified. Herodotus says he found a 'forest of verdure from end to end' when he visited Mesopotamia" (see text, page 560).

BAGDAD'S RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

In Bagdad there are 67 mosques, 27 synagogues, and 7 "native Christian" (Catholic) churches. There is no Protestant church. Sometimes on Sundays the British "resident" reads a service for foreigners, while outside his open window the sepoys are praying aloud in a mosque built for them by the British government. The English do not tamper with the creeds of their conquered blacks.

HOW THE ARAB WOMEN LIVE

Time seemed to turn back 20 centuries when I stepped off the Tigris River steamer at Bagdad. Old Testament men in turbans, sandals, and quaint flowing robes ("abbas") crowded about, calling each other "Yusuf" and "Musa"—Joseph and Moses. From the river's edge veiled women walked away, gracefully upright, carrying on their shoulders tall jars of water—the same style of jars, no doubt, that held the water when it turned to wine.

Sheep are slain to seal a vow, and the blood covenant is common.

With their own shapely hands, Arab women still wash the feet of honored guests; upon their own heads they heap handfuls of dust when they mourn for their dead children; and should a Bedouin woman sin her brother may cut her throat, and the tribe will applaud his awful act of righteous wrath.

Arab women live, love, slave, and die knowing little of their Christian sisters in the Western world.

Few Arab women I met had ever even heard of America. One or two, whose husbands sold wool and dates to Bagdad traders, knew there was such a place as "Amerique," but they believed it merely a part of that far-away land called London, from whence came their bright calico and the cheap guns used by the sheiks in tribal wars. Even the men can tell the women little of the world beyond the desert's rim.

For all the average Arab women knows of America, she might as well live on Mars. My serving-maid, "Nejibah" (the Star), asked me if I came to Bagdad from Amerique by railway train. Once on this ancient plain, however, lived wise women—the consorts of kings—whose names and fame have come down to us through the centuries.

WHERE QUEEN ESTHER LIVED

Standing in Nebuchadnezzar's ruined palace at Babylon, my mind went back to the days of Queen Esther, the heroine of the Book of Esther. Here, amid this sand-blown heap of fallen masonry, where the hand came on the wall, where lean jackals now wail above the bones of kings, Esther played her rôle in the adventures of Ahasuerus, Mordecai, and Haman. It was here, or maybe at Shushan, that Esther revealed the foul plot against the Jews, saved her uncle Mordecai, and secured King Ahasuerus' sentence of death on the wicked Haman; and as Haman's face was covered before they killed him, so to this day convict's faces are hidden in Mesopotamia when they are led out to die. And maybe because Esther saved the Jews in that day they still flourish here. Bagdad alone shelters 40,000.

And among the Bedouins on the Euphrates desert—the waste that once was Eden—I saw Arab girls drawing water from the wells, just as Rebekah was doing when Abraham's agent found her and took her as the wife of Isaac. The Bible says Rebekah drew water for Eliezer's camels while he rested. About all these desert wells crude mud troughs for watering the camels are still found.

And "lebben"—curdled camel's milk like the Arab woman Jael gave Sisera to drink before she slew him—is in common use among the Bedouins of Mesopotamia. Whenever I went out on a desert journey, passing by an encampment, tiny half-naked Arab girls would dart out from the brown goat-hair tents, bringing a brimming bowl of "lebben" for the wandering "Khartoum of the Ferengies"—woman of the foreigners.

From the first day at Bagdad I felt the subtle charm of the East—that mystic spell that seizes on the souls of those who trespass on its ancient places—and here every law of the life we know seems changed. Between us—women of the West—and these daughters of the desert is a gulf, impassable and not of

Photo by Frederick Simpich

THE MOSQUE OF SHEIK ABDUL KADIR AT BAGDAD

"In Bagdad there are 67 mosques, 27 synagogues, and 7 'native Christian' (Catholic) churches. There is no Protestant church. Sometimes on Sundays the British 'resident' reads a service for foreigners, while outside his open window the sepoys are praying aloud in a mosque built for them by the British government. The English do not tamper with the creeds of their conquered blacks" (see text, page 567).

our own making; it is a barrier of religion—a religion that allows one man to have four wives at once.

VISITING AN ARAB HAREM

In Bagdad I went to an Arab harem and visited with the "hareem," as the women are called. It was not an ordinary, ill-kept harem of a common trader or desert sheik that I saw. It was the ornate domestic establishment of a rich and influential person—a former government official and a man of prominence in the days of Abdul Hamid.

I went one Sunday morning in spring. The Pasha's imposing home—a Moorish house of high walls, few windows, and a flat roof with parapets—stands near the Bab-ul-Moazzam in Bagdad. Scores of tall date palms grace the garden about the "Kasr"—palace. In a compound beside the palace pure Arab horses stood hobbled, and a pack of desert hounds called slugeys, used for coursing gazelle, leaped up at my approach.

The dignified old Pasha himself escorted me through his domain. Clad in shining silk, turban, flowing abba, and red shoes with turned-up toes, he looked as if he might have just emerged from the dressing-room of some leading man in a modern musical comedy. His make-up was common enough for Bagdad, but to me he seemed positively "stagey"; but he was all affability, talking brightly in very fair French. He showed me a remarkable falcon—a hawk only three years old, with over 200 gazelles to its credit. In a cage near the palace door were two lean, gray lions, trapped in the jungle marshes along the Tigris. Finally we entered the corridor leading to the "bab-el-haremlik," or gate to the harem.

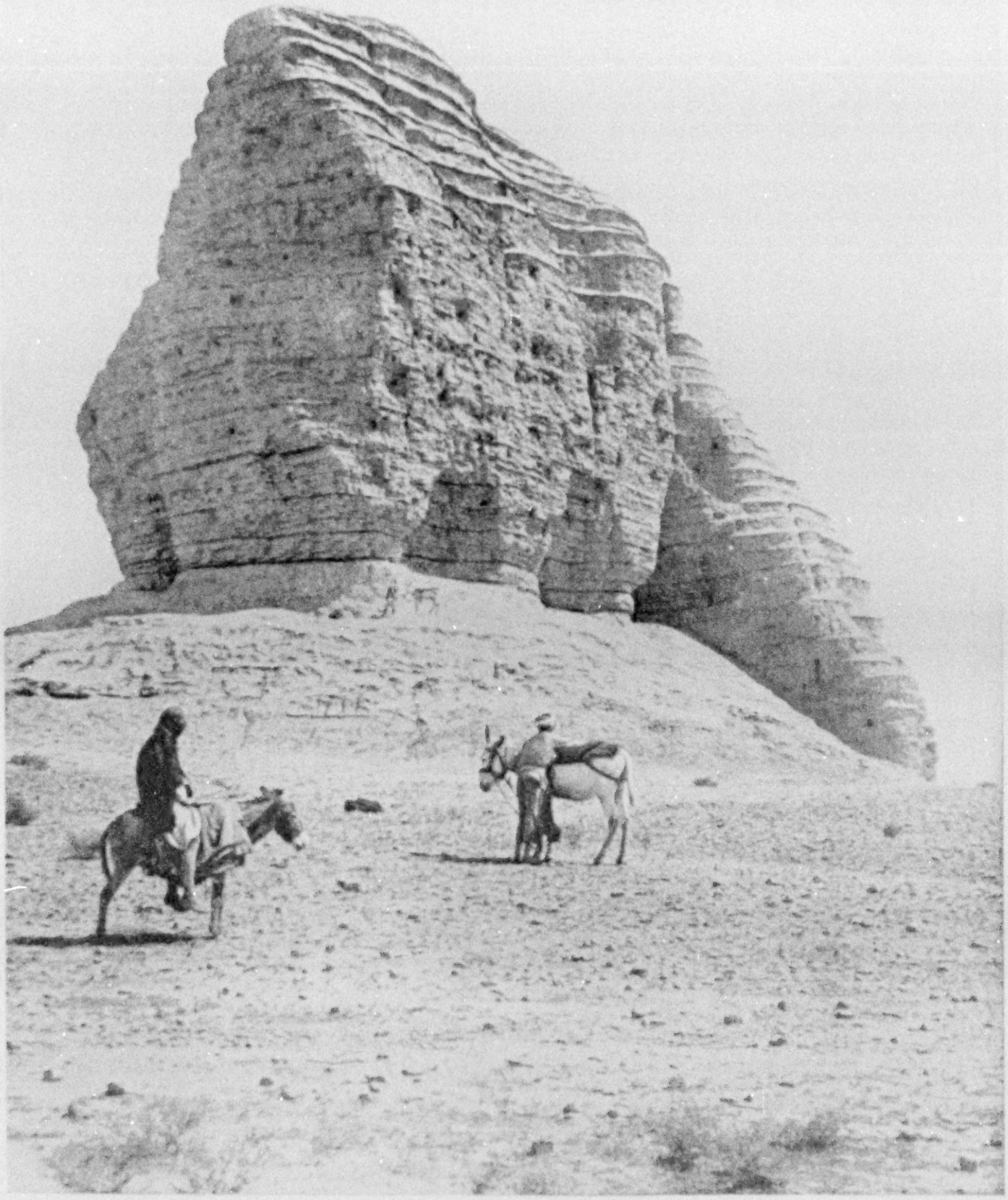
During all the talk about horses, dogs, and lions I had been consumed with curiosity to say something about the human harem pets of the old Pasha; but in Arab eyes it is a gross impertinence to ask after the women in a man's family. Like as not he would reply that the "wretched creatures are barely keeping alive." So I had to wait till the Pasha himself spoke of his harem and asked me to come and see its beauties.

Photo by Frederick Simpich

AN ARAB WOMAN OF BAGDAD AND HER EUNUCH SERVANT

FANCY AS FACT

As we walked toward the doorway of the walled, windowless structure, wherein the women were imprisoned, my fancy rioted with visions of languorous Eastern beauties in baggy bloomers and gilt slippers. I thought of all the insipid, maudlin rot slung from the false pens of space-writers whose paths never led to this maltreated East. I thought of marble baths, wherein olive-skinned beauties



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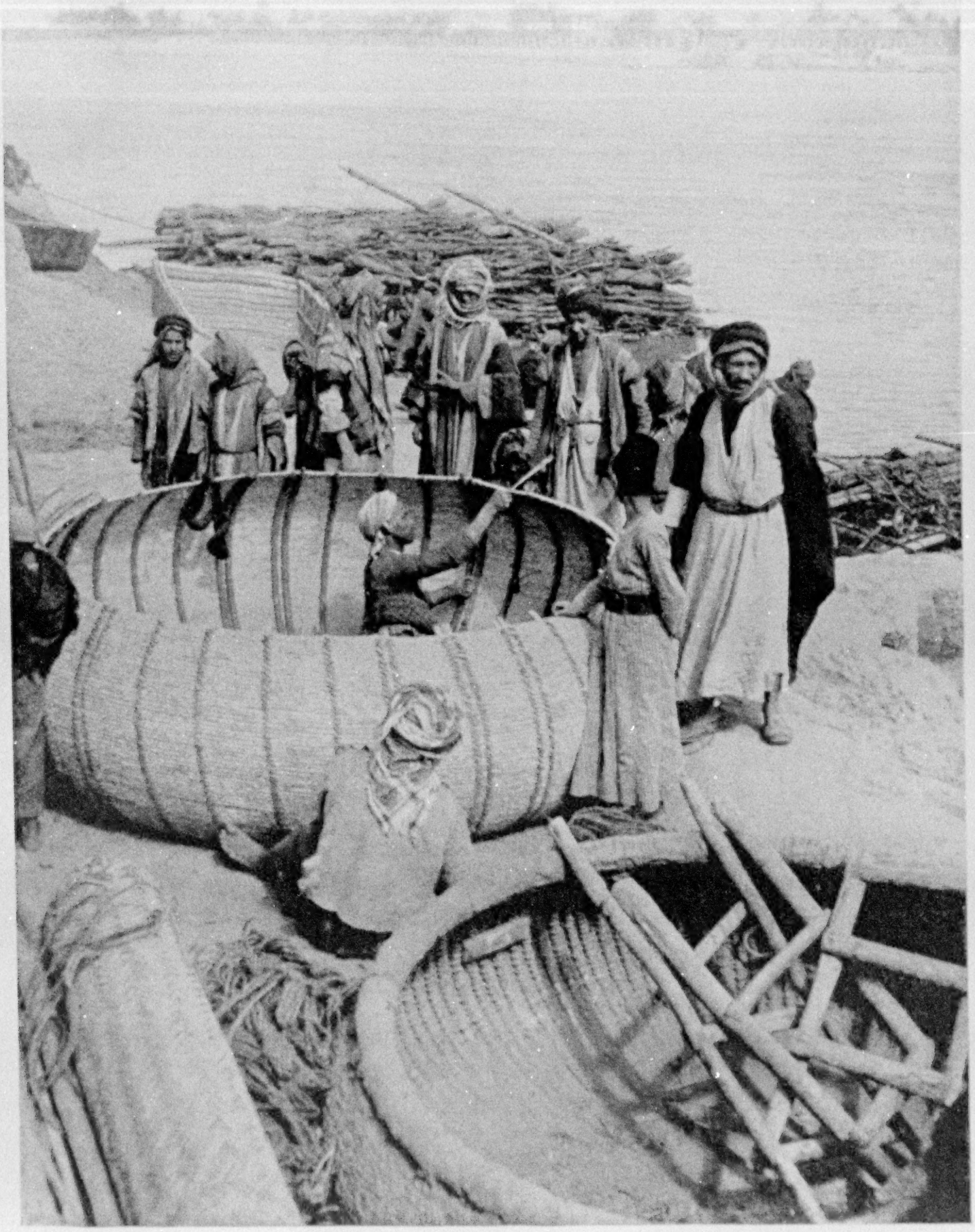
A LANDMARK OF BABYLONIAN DAYS, NEAR BAGDAD

"Time seemed to turn back twenty centuries when I stepped off the Tigris River steamer at Bagdad. Old Testament men in turbans, sandals, and quaint flowing robes ('abbas') crowded about, calling each other 'Yusuf' and 'Musa'—Joseph and Moses. . . . Sheep are slain to seal a vow, and the blood covenant is common. With their own shapely hands, Arab women still wash the feet of honored guests; upon their own heads they heap handfuls of dust when they mourn for their dead children" (see text, page 567).



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BUILDING THE PECULIAR ROUND BOATS, CALLED "KOOFAHS," ON THE TIGRIS RIVER, AT BAGDAD (SEE PAGE 549)

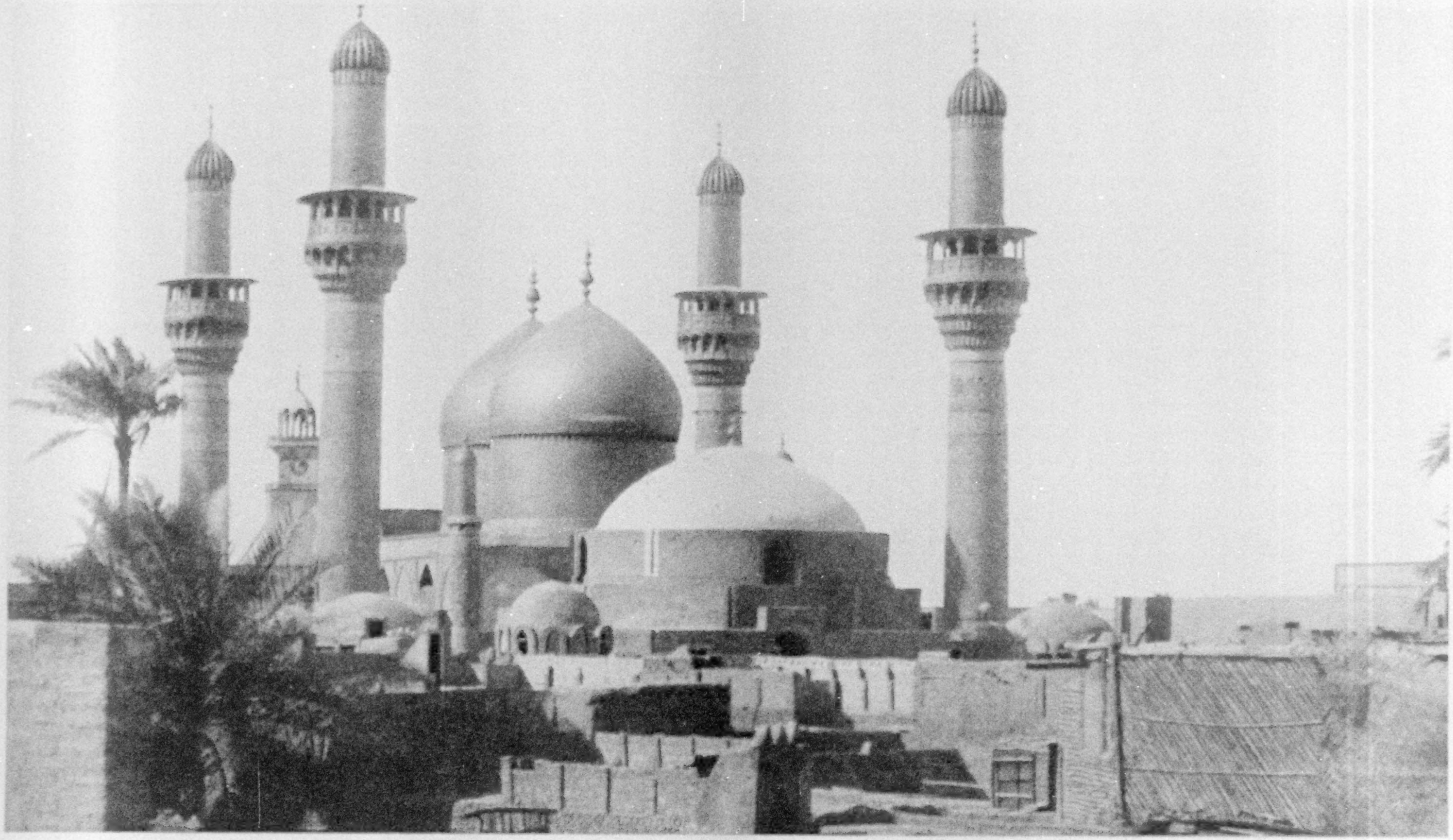


Photo by Frederick Simpich

THE GOLDEN MINARETS OF KAZEMAIN, A SHIA SETTLEMENT NEAR BAGDAD

lolled, as in the toilet-soap advertisements. I thought of precious perfumes and beveled mirrors 30 feet high, of priceless jewels blazing on beautiful breasts, and of bronze eunuchs waving peacock fans, while sinuous serving-maids gently brushed the soft tresses of some harem favorite; but these dreams did not last long.

Almost before I knew it we had passed the great bolt-studded gate, stepped from behind a tall screen of hideous Persian tapestry, and were within the sacred precincts of the harem itself.

The interor was a great square court, surrounded on three sides by small rooms—the individual rooms of the Pasha wives and women folk. On the tiled floor of the court was strewn a variegated lot of cheap Oriental rugs and passats. A few red, plush-covered chairs and divans completed the meager furnishings.

THE WOMEN OF THE HAREM

Scarcely were we within when my host called out, and women began pouring from the tiny rooms. Fourteen females, of various size, shape, hue, and dress, emerged—each from her own little room. I looked at their faces—and their clothes—and I knew suddenly that all my life I had been deceived; it came over me that an amazing amount of rubbish has been written around the hidden life of harem women. And before I left that strange institution I felt that even Pierre Loti had juggled lightly with the truth in his harem romance, "Disenchanted."

The women before me were not beautiful—at least they were not to be compared with any type of feminine face and figure commonly thought attractive by men in our Western world. Two or three were exceptions; light of complexion, large-eyed, and not too fat, they resembled very much the Circassian maids—and possibly they were. Any one familiar with Turkey knows to what extent these girls—often very beautiful—have figured in the harem life, especially about the Bosphorus. Most of the women who stood before me in that Bagdad harem, however, were absolutely commonplace; some of them even stupid-looking.

COSTUMES OF THE WOMEN

A few wore bright-colored scarfs about their necks, with more or less jewelry on their ankles and wrists. The popular item of dress seemed a shapeless sort of baggy "mother-hubbard" like garment, worn over yellow trousers. Gilt or beaded slippers adorned the feet of the younger and better-looking women; the older ones were barefooted. None of them seemed to have made much of an effort at hair-dressing; two or three wore their hair loose, hanging in tangled wisps about their faces.

However, the old Pasha beamed with pride as he looked them over; and after all, if he was pleased, nothing else mattered. He introduced me all around and bowed himself out, leaving me alone with the fourteen. Two girlish youngsters—in their early 'teens—he had told me were his daughters; but to this day I do not know which of the several wives shared their ownership with him.

A MUTUAL SURPRISE

Hardly had the old Pasha withdrawn when the women were up and about me. And such chattering, giggling, exclaiming, pulling, and pushing as followed! It was a great day—a day long to be remembered—in that Bagdad harem. So far as I could learn, I was the first woman from the Western world who had ever visited there; I was the first white woman that some of the inmates had ever seen.

Think what a sensation would ensue in any American sitting-room if an Arab woman, her nails, lips, and eyelashes dyed, her limbs tattooed, rings in her nose, and anklets jangling, might suddenly appear—silk bloomers and all—in the midst of a crowd of Yankee women! Our own composure and self-restraint might not be any greater than that showed by these Arab women at Bagdad when I, an American girl in street clothes, appeared among them. They crowded about, feeling my hands and face, getting down on their knees to admire my high-heel shoes, stroking the skirt of my blue tailored suit, behaving like excited children with a new toy. My hat-pins were a source of great wonder, and my

Photo by Frederick Simpich

REED HUTS ON THE EUPHRATES NEAR KERBELA

tight-fitting coat brought forth many a fervent "All-a-a-h!"

They asked me, too, how many children I had; how old I was; if there were many women in Amerique, and inquired eagerly how many wives my husband had, and wanted to know how I had managed to get out of the harem alone.

PITY FOR AMERICAN WOMEN

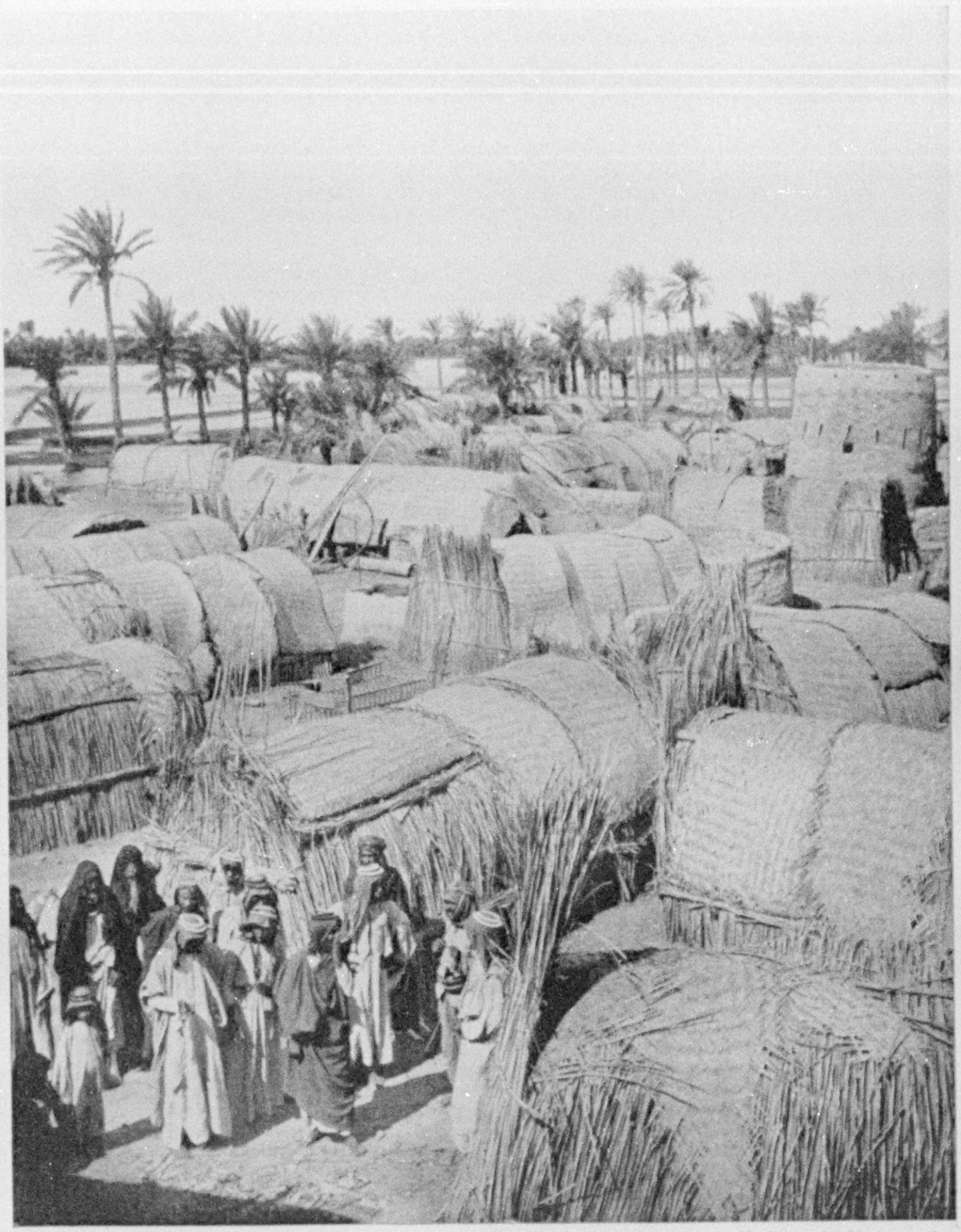
When I told them I was a Christian—a "Kaffir," they call it—and that in my country men have but one wife, and that she may go and come as she likes, they spoke aloud their disappointment and pity for me; for these women do not wish to leave the harem. It would shock them to walk alone, unveiled, in the street. These women will not even expose themselves to the chance sight of passers-by in looking from the latticed windows—if there happen to be any windows—in the houses where they live. They count it immoral to be seen by other men than their husband.

"America must be a poor country," said one, "if your husband can keep but one wife; a Bedouin keeps but one woman—and all the Bedouins are poor, because they live on the barren desert." From their viewpoint, the multitude of a man's wives, slaves, and retainers is the measure of his greatness.

Love, except that of the mother for her child, is undoubtedly an emotion absolutely unknown to these women; whence it follows that jealousy, too, must be but an infrequent disease.

Yet, poor in mind as these imprisoned women seemed, and painfully inquisitive as they were, kindness cloaked all their curiosity, and their every act displayed a friendly feeling for the strange woman—the heretic—in their midst. They brought in a great tray of dried fruits, baked gourds, toasted pumpkin seeds, and fresh pomegranates; they brought me wine, too, made from the juice of dates. They offered me long Arab cigarettes, called "Bagdaddies," when the repast was finished; and when I declined to smoke they found new cause for wonder, for I lied for my country and told them that American women never smoke.

It was a great day for me, reared in the normal quiet of an old Missouri town. If only my knowledge of Arabic had



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ARAB VILLAGE OF REED MATS AND ROUND FORT ON LOWER EUPHRATES

"Few Arab women I met had ever even heard of America. One or two, whose husbands sold wool and dates to Bagdad traders, knew there was such a place as 'Amerique,' but they believed it merely a part of that far-away land called London, from whence came their bright calico and the cheap guns used by the sheiks in tribal wars. Even the men can tell the women little of the world beyond the desert's rim" (see text, page 567).

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TYPICAL ARAB VILLAGE AND FORT: LOWER BABYLONIA

"Fifty miles west of Bagdad, along the Euphrates, lies the region now commonly regarded as the Garden of Eden. To irrigate this Eden and to reclaim millions of fertile acres around Bagdad is the stupendous task to which the Turkish government has addressed itself" (see text, page 560).

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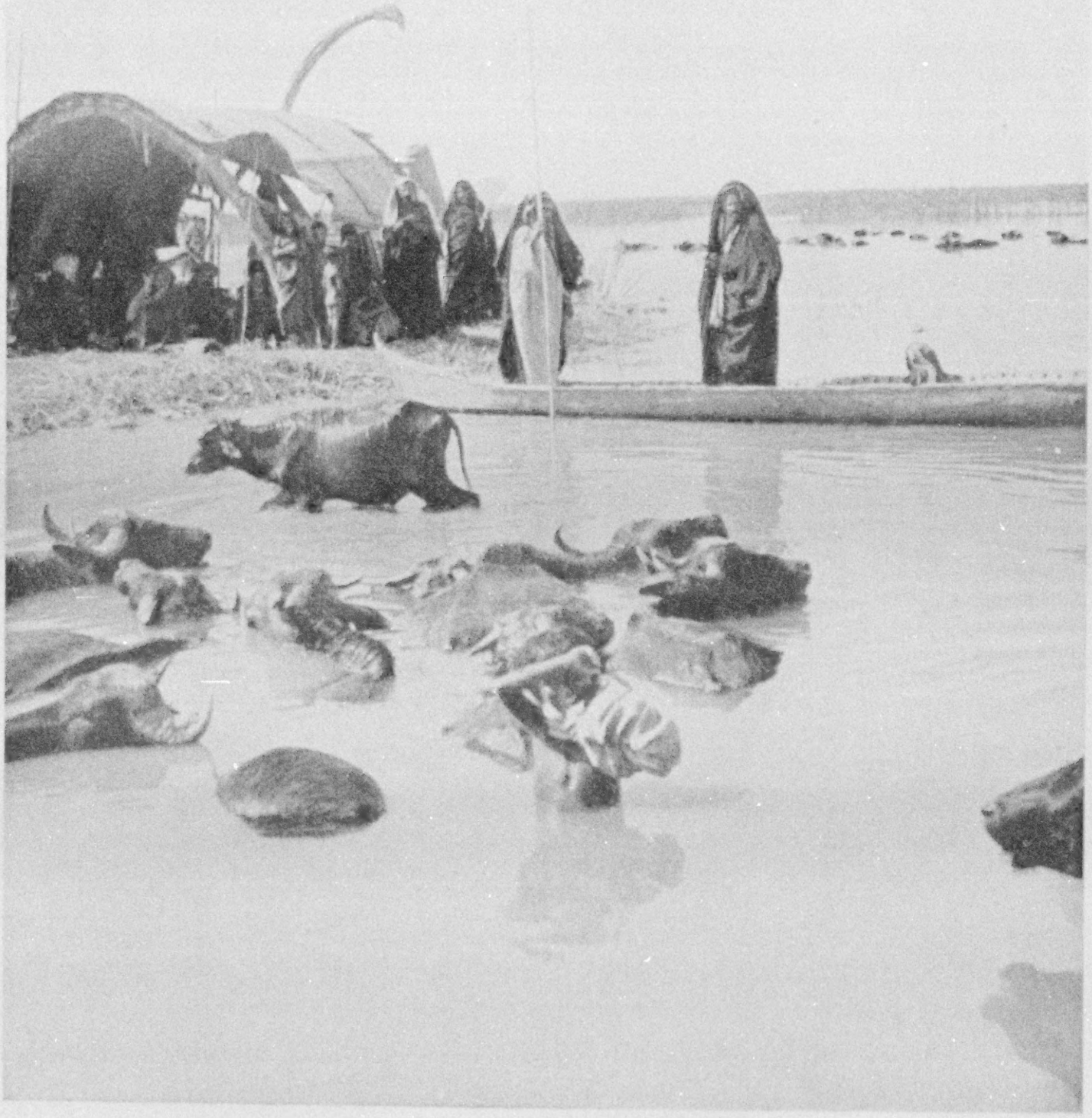
A BRICK FACTORY NEAR NINEVEH: MAKING SUN-DRIED BRICKS



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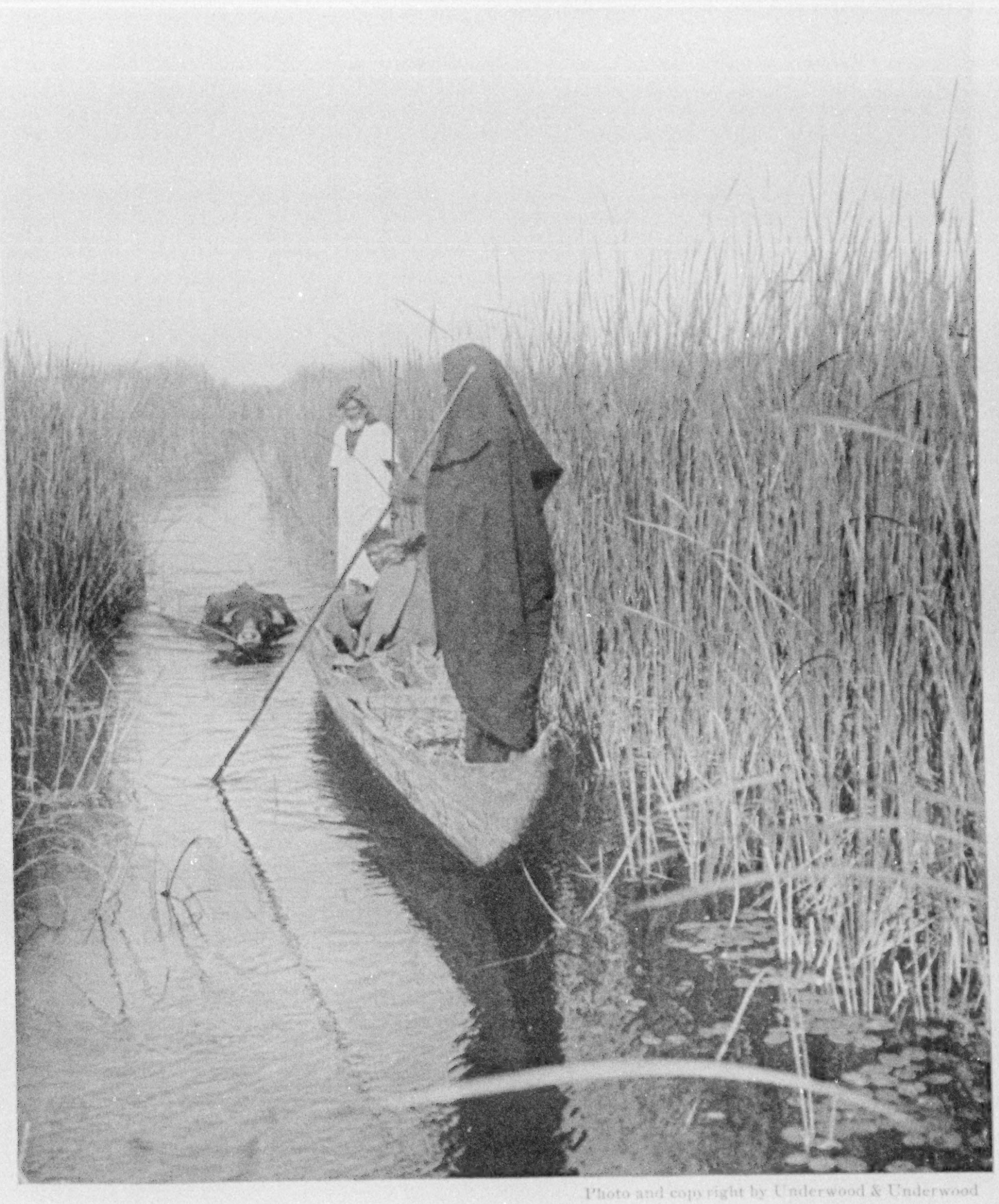
TENT OF ARAB CHIEF AND WATER-BUFFALO ON FLOODED BABYLONIAN PLAIN

"Useful as the Bedouin wife is to her husband and the tribe, however, through all the tribal songs, legends, and poetry, there runs a note hostile and abusive of all womankind. A woman's nature is inherently wicked, the Bedouins say, and, like a cat, she has nine lives. They believe that in all other animals save mankind the female is the better. Doughty, in his work on Arabia, says: 'The Arabs are contrary to womankind, upon whom they would have God's curse'" (see text, page 585).



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POLING A WAY THROUGH REEDY MARSHES OF THE LOWER TIGRIS AND EUPHRATES PLAIN

been better, or some of the women had known more French, this story would be much longer.

When I finally rose to go, I asked them, though I knew they would not comply, to come and visit me. In this part of the Moslem world upper-class women go about but little. In Constantinople, where reform germs are working, the women have begun to clamor for permission to attend public entertainments, theaters, etc. But it's thirty days by caravan from Bagdad to Constantinople, and the modern spirit of the capital is felt not at all in the secluded harems of the old home of Harun-al-Rashid.

The sudden reappearance of the old Pasha, as he came to conduct me to my carriage, threw the whole fourteen into a noisy panic of giggles. One of the younger women, dropping to all fours, hid her face behind her arms and accidentally burned a hole in the rug with her fallen cigarette. Think of a high-spirited American girl kneeling or hiding her face just because a mere man entered the room!

THE DESERT WOMEN ARE DIFFERENT

Among the Bedouin women of the nomad Arabs the ease and indolence of harem life is unknown.

From early childhood she must serve, first her father and then her nomad husband. Arab maids of eight and ten years tend the sheep and goats, wandering alone out on the desert miles from the camp; but they are safe.

Bedouins, as a rule, have but one wife. Being Moslems, they are allowed four, but few avail themselves of the privilege. Perhaps one wife is all the average Bedouin can support. In all the Mohammedan world no man takes more than one wife, unless his means permit him to keep the extra women in comfort. It has been said, too, that one desert woman is all the average Bedouin can manage.

In a way, these nomad women have been suffragettes for centuries. From our point of view, the Bedouin woman is a mere slave, with no rights at all; yet tribal customs accord her certain considerations, and if her husband mistreat her, she is able to make it very lively for him. All the lusty-lunged women of the camp leave off milking the camels and join with the aggrieved wife in a joint assault on the offending husband. They gather about his tent, screaming out abuse and heaping on his helpless head all the invective and vilification in which the Arab tongue is so copiously rich.

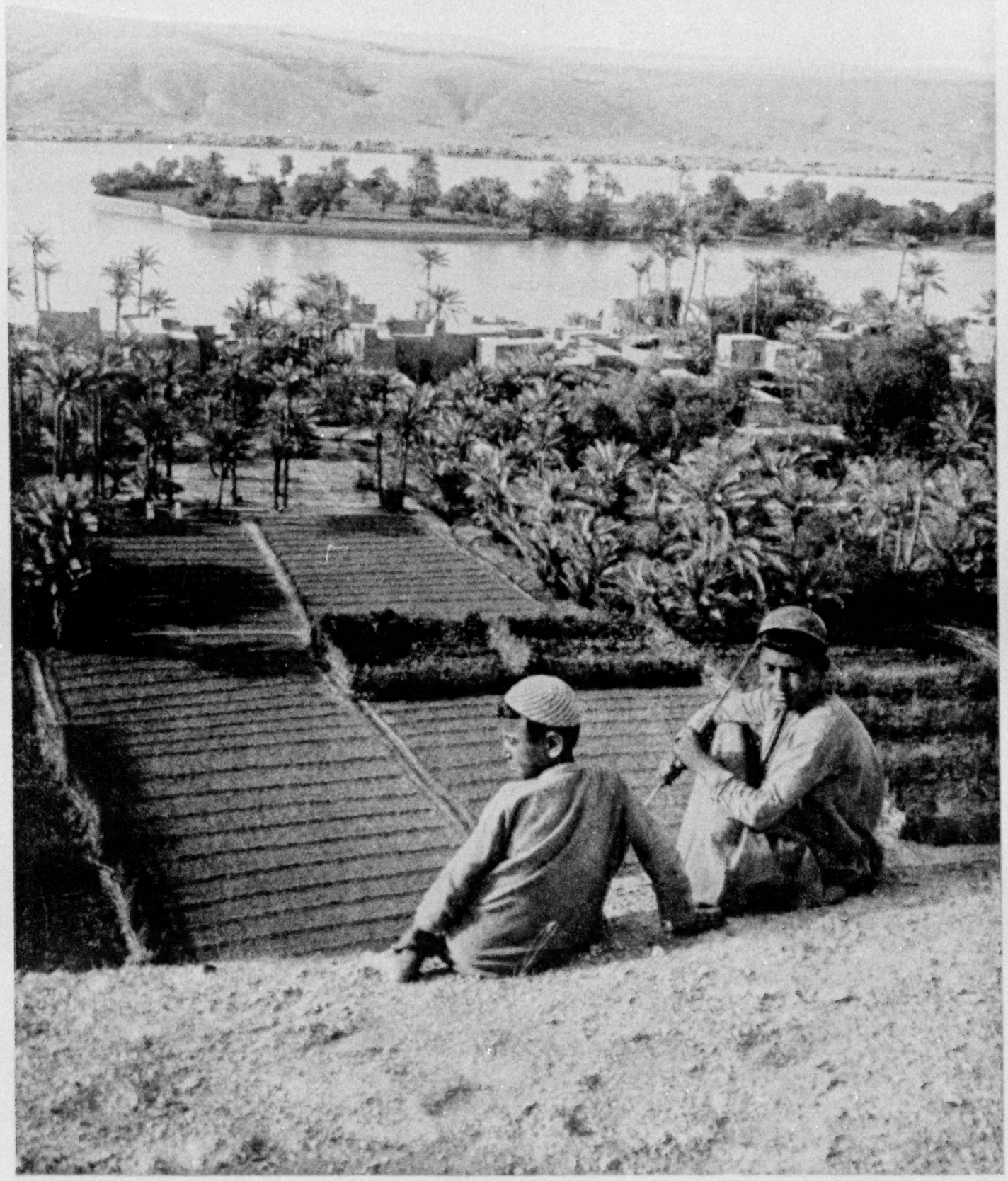
I have seen such a man, humiliated under the stinging jeers of half a hundred angry women and taunted by the derisive shouts of the amused male spectators, flee from his tent, mount his horse, and gallop away, utterly routed by the women.

WOMAN'S PLACE IN THE TRIBE

For years war has been waged intermittently between the Jebbel Shammar and Æneza tribes west of the Euphrates, and it is said that in many of these desert conflicts, when hundreds of spearmen have perished, the combatants on either side were encouraged by Bedouin mai'ls mounted on swift camels, who kept to the front, shouting cheering words to the brave and reviling the laggards with withering Arab sarcasm.

The fortitude of Bedouin women on the march is traditional. On the long "hajj," or march, to Mecca, over the hot sands, their suffering is intense; yet they keep the pace, do all the work, bear children on the way, and arrive when the "brave" men do. So great is the physical courage of these women that they have often been known, as their hour for delivery approached, to halt beside the trail, bring a child into the world, and then overtake the marching caravan before nightfall.

Lady Anne Blunt, who traveled among the Euphrates Arabs with her husband, speaks thus of the Bedouin women: "As girls, they are pretty in a wild, picturesque way, with cheerful, good-natured faces. Some of them get real influence over their husbands, and, through them, over the tribe. In more than one sheik's tent it is in the woman's half of it that the politics of the tribe are settled. They live apart from the men, but are in no way under restraint." A Bedouin tent



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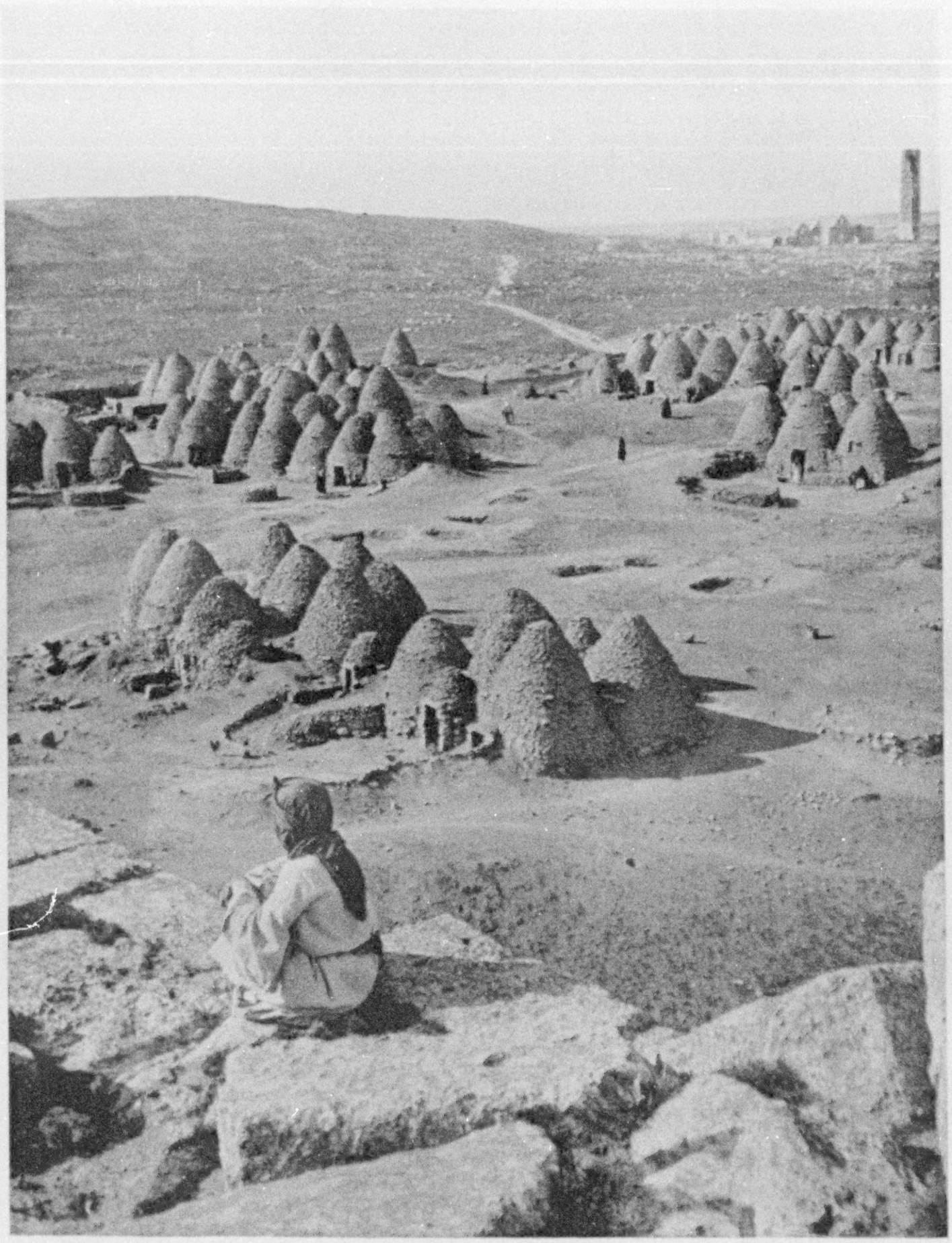
THE TRADITIONAL "GARDEN OF EDEN," LOOKING EAST OVER THE EUPHRATES VALLEY

"As yet no 'Seeing Bagdad' motor-busses hum along the Tigris, and the horde of Yankee tourists get no nearer Bagdad than Damascus and Jerusalem; but the railway is encroaching fast, hastening the day when travelers to the East may avoid the long sea trip via Suez. Then, with the 'Hanging Garden Inn' thrown open to the public, 'Edenville' and 'Babylon' made places of interest, with side trips to Jonah's tomb and Nineveh, Bagdad will compete with Cairo as a tourist center, and men will come back to poke curiously about Adam's old home" (see text, page 585).



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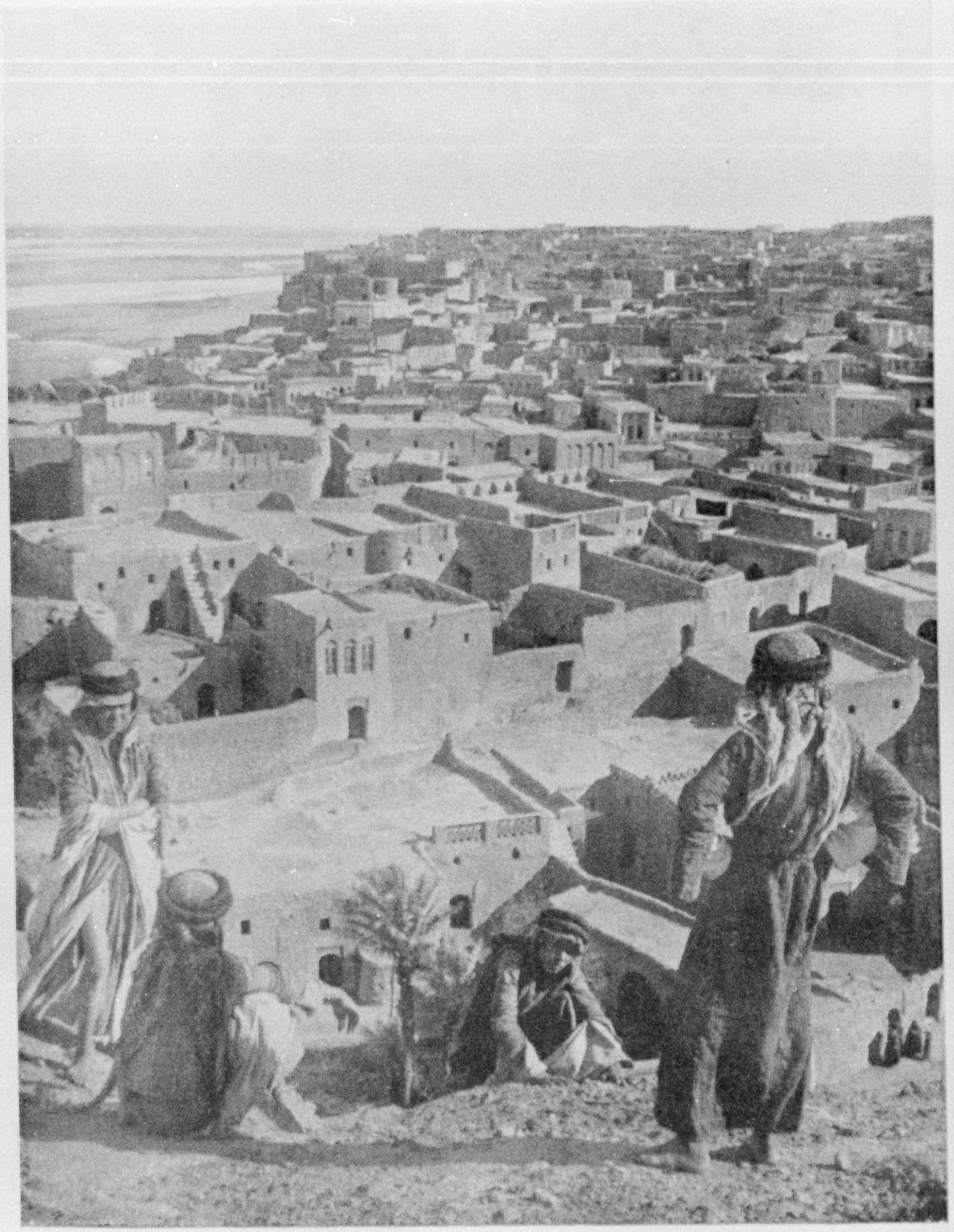
VIEW FROM A "BEE-HIVE" VILLAGE OF THE ARABS NORTHWARD OVER HARAN

Out in the plain of Haran, where Abraham sojourned, the surveyors have driven their stakes for the 'iron road' within eight or ten paces of the well which by ancient tradition of the Arab tribes is the very well where Rebecca watered the camels at eventide. Soon the freight trains will be rushing by and the camel caravans will be forced farther back into the desert.



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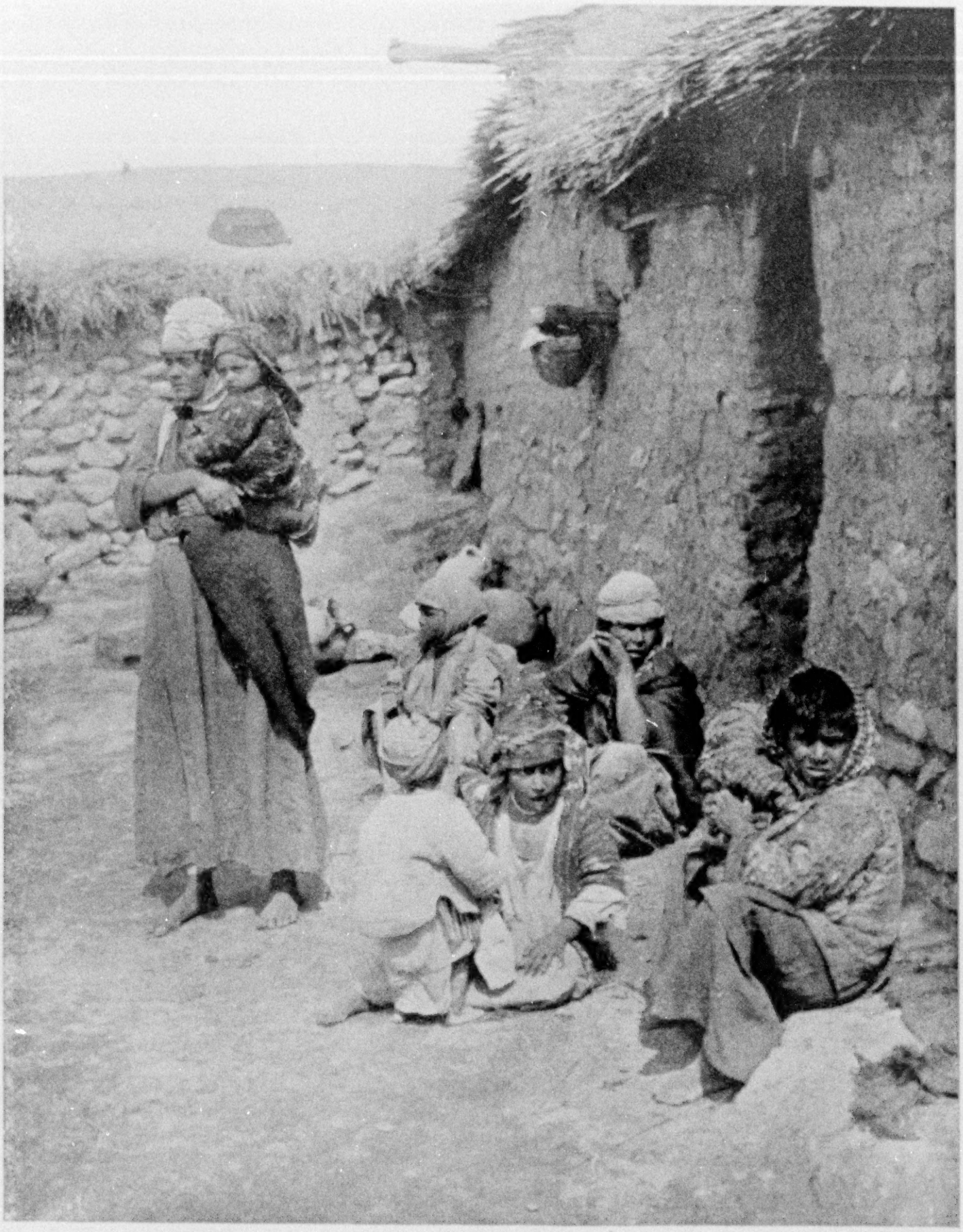
THE CITY OF TEKRIT, ON THE TIGRIS, LOOKING SOUTHEAST

Tekrit is one of the oldest towns in southwestern Asia, dating from the days of the Persian Empire itself. It is said to have been founded by Shapur I. The city is located on the Tigris River and formerly vied with Bagdad and Mosul in importance. Now it is but a minor place on the Tigris trade route.



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AN ARAB FAMILY OF THE UPPER TIGRIS REGION: MESOPOTAMIA

"An uncanny, pernicious pest called the 'date boil' scars the face of every human born in Bagdad. Children invariably have this dreadful sore on their faces. Throughout the Middle East this mysterious scourge is known by various names—'Buton d'Alep,' 'Nile sore,' 'Delhi button,' etc. Its cause and its cure are unknown. First a faint red spot appears, growing larger and running a course often 18 months long" (see text, page 562).

is divided into two parts; where the men stay is called the "selaam-lik"; the women's apartment is known as the "harem-lik." A high curtain separates the two. Cooking utensils, children, and clothing are stored in the harem-lik, while the guns, spears, camel saddles, etc., are piled in with the men.

An Arab is jealous of his wife, but on the desert married women are seldom veiled and are permitted to laugh and joke with other men. In camp the women milk the camels, grind wheat in a hand-mill, churn butter in the "sequilla," a goat-skin hung from a tripod and filled with sour milk; they weave cloth from hair and fiber; they make matting from date leaves and are always busy. While the Bedouin woman is enjoying all these pleasing domestic pastimes her husband sits in the sand before the tent smoking.

BEDOUIN SUPERSTITIONS

Some of their superstitions are fanciful indeed. They believe that when a man dies of thirst that his soul goes forth in the form of a green owl, which flies about above the desert a thousand years, screaming for water. If a fish leaps from the water into a boat where a woman is riding, it is a sure sign that she will soon bear a son. They live in daily dread of the Evil Eye; the Arab mother fears for her child, lest this curse descend and blight its life. Some say a man so possessed has merely to cast his baneful glance on a bird flying, when the creature will fall to the earth stone dead. If an Arab woman finds the threads in her "nuttou"—loom—have become tangled, she blames the meddlesome evil spirits. Many women have their limbs and bodies tattooed in fancy designs, as much as a charm to ward off disease as for beauty's sake.

Manna is still much eaten among Mesopotamian Arabs; the women collect and prepare it from the ground beneath certain hill trees, from whence it drips. Yet the Arabs—and the Jews and Chaldeans as well—firmly believe that this sweet, whitish gum-like food is cast down from heaven; that it is the same manna which tradition says was cast down from heaven for the Children of Israel.

DISTRUST OF WOMANKIND

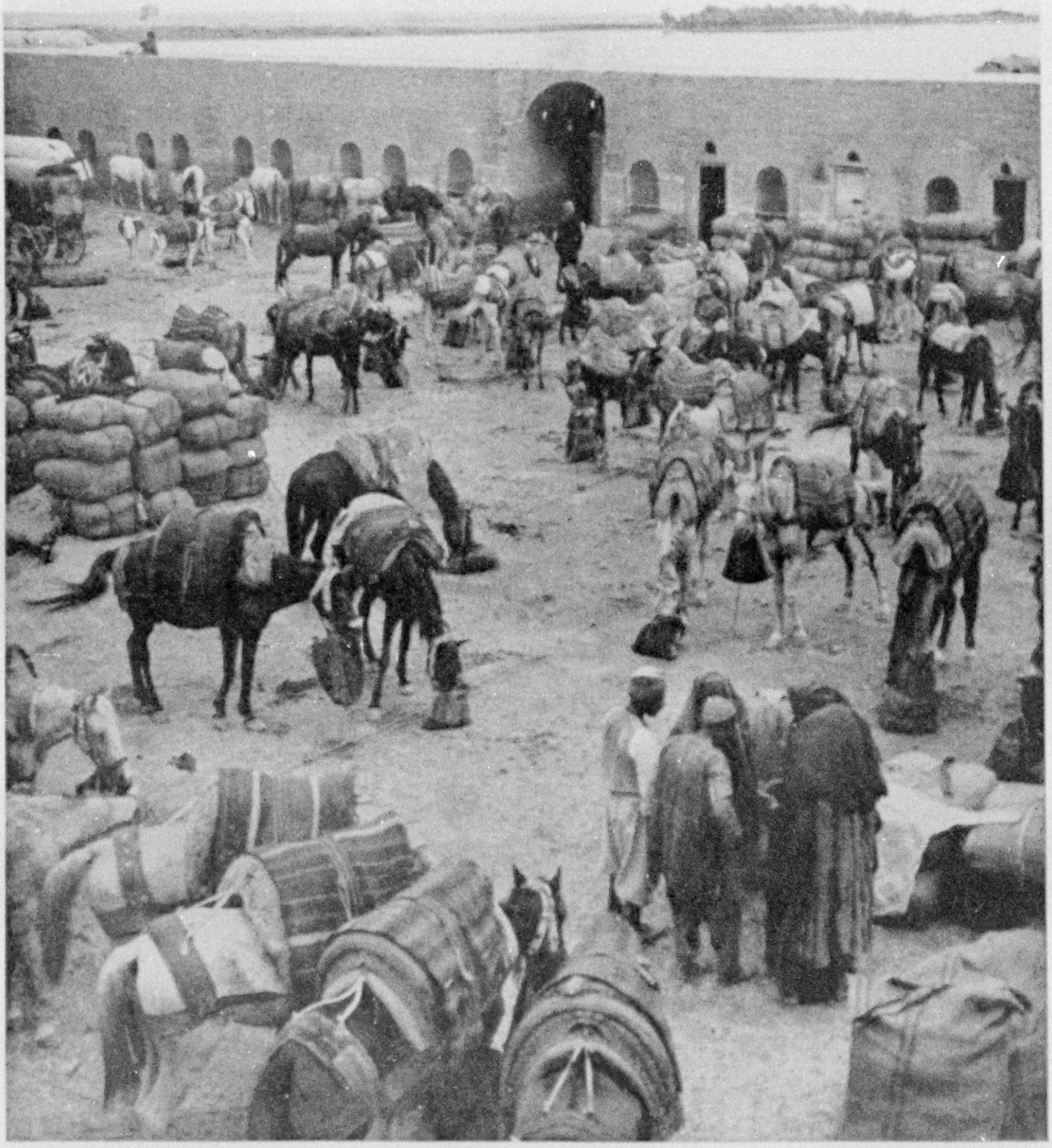
Useful as the Bedouin wife is to her husband and the tribe, however, through all the tribal songs, legends, and poetry, there runs a note hostile and abusive of all womankind. A woman's nature is inherently wicked, the Bedouins say, and like a cat she has nine lives. They believe that in all other animals save mankind the female is the better. Doughty, in his work on Arabia, says: "The Arabs are contrary to womankind, upon whom they would have God's curse."

In all the year I spent in the Middle East I never heard of an Arab woman who could read or write. To educate a woman is called by Bedouins a foolish waste of money. Women are at the bottom of all the evil in the world, Arabs say, and jehannum—hades—is full of them. Here are two of Burton's translations of Bedouin ballads, which show in what esteem the nomads of the desert hold their women folk:

"They said, marry! I replied:
'Far be it from me
To take to my bosom a sackful of snakes.
I am free. Why, then, become a slave?
May Allah never bless womankind!'"

"They declare woman to be heaven to man;
I say, Allah, give me jehannum, not this heaven."

As yet no "Seeing Bagdad" motor-busses hum along the Tigris, and the horde of Yankee tourists get no nearer Bagdad than Damascus and Jerusalem; but the railway is encroaching fast, hastening the day when travelers to the East may avoid the long sea trip via Suez. Then, with the "Hanging Garden Inn" thrown open to the public, "Edenville" and "Babylon" made places of interest, with side trips to Jonah's tomb and Nineveh, Bagdad will compete with Cairo as a tourist center, and men will come back to poke curiously about Adam's old home.



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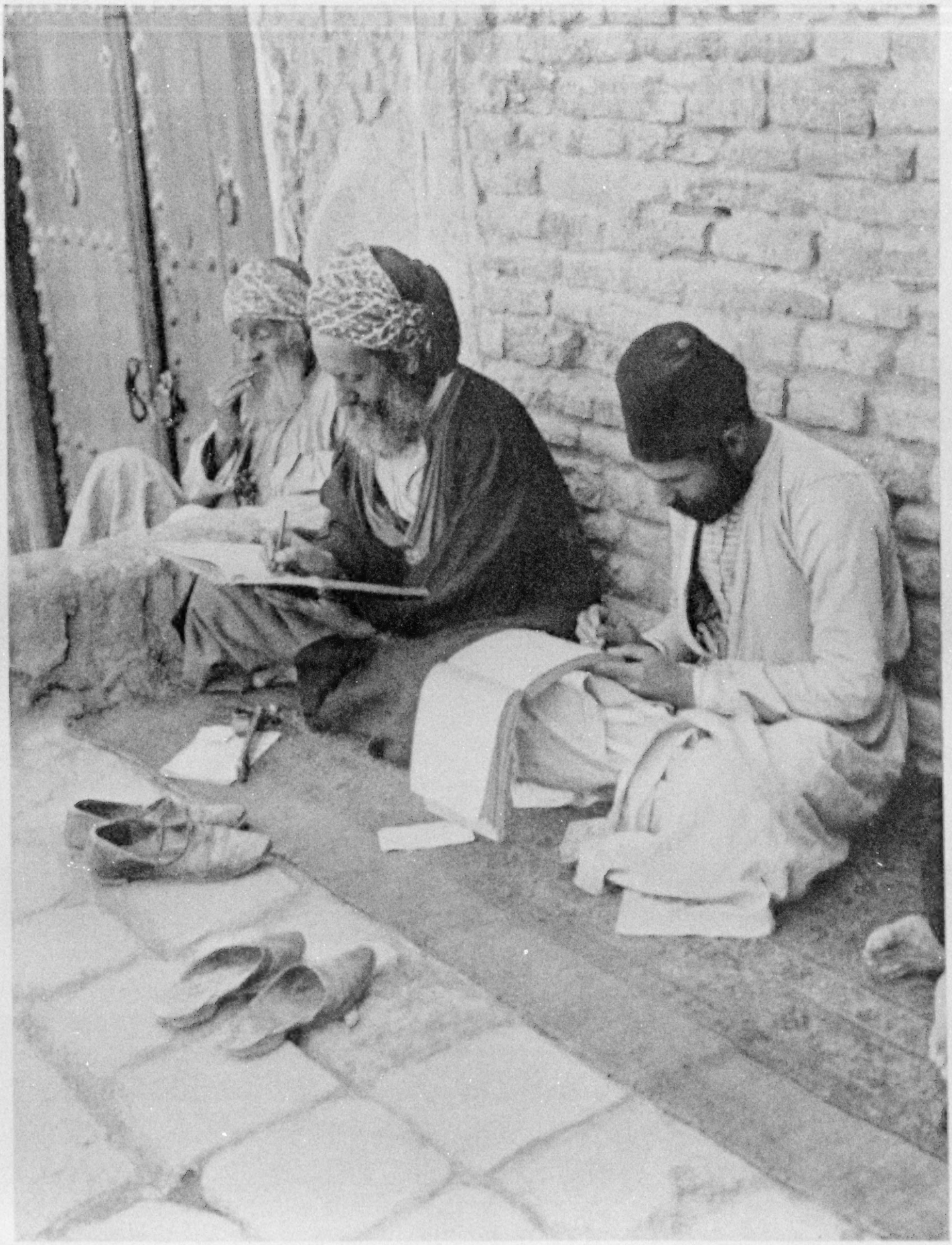
A LARGE INN, OR CARAVANSERAI, AT FELUJA, ON THE EUPHRATES

The caravanserai of Asiatic Turkey are strongholds erected by the government on the great caravan routes, where passing caravans may rest for the night secure from marauders. They are large, walled-up, rectangular enclosures, with a single big gateway, furnished with robber-proof doors and chains. Around the central court, which usually is paved, there are grouped store-rooms, and above them the sleeping quarters. A porter lives permanently within the enclosure and extends the government's welcome to the passing caravan seeking rest and shelter. The caravanserai is always kept open from early morning until late at night for the reception of wayfarers. A tip to the porter is the only fee for the use of the caravanserai.



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JEWISH SCRIBES AT THE "TOMB OF EZEKIEL," NEAR BABYLON

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ARAB LEISURE IN A COFFEE-HOUSE OF MOSUL

Across the river from the ruins of ancient Nineveh, Mosul occupies the site of a southern suburb of the biblical city. There is almost as much of "the city of the dead" within the crumbling limestone walls that surround the town as there is a city of the living, for a large share of the land within these walls is taken up by cemeteries. Mosul has a population of about 40,000. One of its sights is the leaning minaret of the Grand Mosque, which formerly was a church dedicated to St. Paul.

MYSTIC NEDJEF, THE SHIA MECCA

A Visit to One of the Strangest Cities in the World

By Frederick Simpich

FEW white men of any race have made the pilgrimage to mystic Nedjef, the Mecca of Shia Mohammedans and one of the marvels of inner Arabia.

It is five days by mule or camel caravan from Bagdad to Nedjef, and in the eventful centuries since the Shias founded Nedjef—on the spot where a nephew of the Prophet Mohammed was slain—it is estimated that over 25,000,000 Moslems have made the pilgrimage to this mysterious desert city of golden domes, fabulous treasures, and weird rites.

Thousands of devotees from the Shia hordes of India, Persia, and South Russia flock through Bagdad each year, bringing with them their mummified dead—salted and dried—for burial in the holy ground about the mystic city. By camel caravan and winding mule train the patient pilgrims make the long march; many from distant Turkestan are a whole year making the round trip. To help handle the throng that pours through Bagdad each spring and autumn, enterprising Bagdad Jews have established an "arabanah," or stage line, from Bagdad to Kerbela, the half-way town on the desert route to Nedjef. And for a taste of stage-riding in Arabia, I started my journey by arabanah, a four-wheeled coach drawn by four mules harnessed abreast (see page 592).

It was 2 o'clock on a starlit morning when I walked over the rude bridge of boats that spans the Tigris at Bagdad, ready for an early start from the west bank. Soon the jolting, noisy coach was in motion, the Arab driver cursing the religion of his four mules and plying his long whip of rhinoceros hide as we whirled away through the still empty streets. Only a few watchmen, shouting occasionally to keep up their courage, and the eternal vagabond dogs of Bagdad were astir.

Through the outlying Sunni cemetery we rolled past the beautiful tomb of Zobeida, favorite wife of Harun-al-Rashid (see page 558), past the white tents of sleeping Turkish troops, through a gap in the ruined wall, and out onto the gray desert. The mules galloped evenly on, the wheels hummed, and we seemed to float over a sea of haze that lay on the desert, bathed in starlight.

Thus till dawn, when we reached the first relay post, Khan Mahoudieh, a mud-walled desert stronghold, where we got fresh mules, tea, and a few minutes rest. All about was noise and confusion; some 500 Persians, surrounded by their camels, donkeys, dogs, and rolls of baggage, were making up their caravan for the day's march to the Euphrates. Soon we were off again, the fresh mules leaping forward in their collars and jerking the bounding arabanah along at a lively clip.

We passed many caravans of pilgrims, mostly Persians, the bells of their lead animals tinkling musically, the long-legged camels groping through the half light of early day. Women rode in covered boxes, like bird-cages, slung one on each side of a mule or camel. A few upper-class persons rode in swinging palanquins, carried between animals walking tandem. Hundreds of the Persians, their legs wrapped in bandages like puttees, plodded along on foot, driving their baggage-laden donkeys before them. The country we passed through from Bagdad westward comprised a vast, dry plain, barren and desolate and flat as a great floor.

Near noon the fringe of date palms marking the course of the Euphrates lifted from the desert horizon, and an hour later we rode into the river village of Mussayeb. Here also a bridge of boats is found spanning the Euphrates at the point where some say Alexander and his Ten Thousand crossed on their way to Babylon. On the west bank we

XUM

got fresh mules, and soon passed through the belt of fig and date gardens that flourish along the river. Before us the desert reappeared—a barren, treeless plain. Smooth it was, save where we bounced over the banks of ruined canals, remnants of the irrigation system built ages ago by the Babylonians.

Half way to Kerbela, and scattered for a mile along the route, we passed a caravan taking corpses for burial at the holy city of Nedjef. Among the dead was the body of a Persian nobleman. Three hundred paid mourners, who had come all the way from Teheran, sent up their weird chant as we passed.

Strict as are the Turkish quarantine regulations, badly "cured" bodies or bones are often smuggled in from Persia, and on a hot day the wise traveler will stay at a discreet distance from these death caravans. The odor, when noticeable, is peculiarly penetrating and sickening.

It is a month's marching from Teheran to Kerbela, and these dismal persons had wept all the way.

Kerbela, likewise a sacred Shia city, we reached about four in the afternoon.

THE PILGRIM HORDE

Kerbela sucks life from the unending pilgrim horde. Myriads of Shias have come and gone in centuries past, and millions are buried in the plain outside the city. Of its 75,000 permanent residents, nearly all are Shias. Hussein, martyred son of Ali, is buried in the magnificent mosque of Kerbela, and in the vaults about his tomb are stored the priceless offerings of the Shias who have come to pray, and paid tribute to the Mujteheds, or interpreters of the law. These Mujteheds, of whom there are twelve, have long been a thorn in the side of Persia's government. Safe in their retreat at Kerbela, they have hatched many of the political plots that made murder and riot in Teheran.

As early as 1350 Kerbela was known as a retreat for learned Moslem teachers. Shah Namat Ulla studied at Kerbela and lived 40 days on dust, tradition says. Many of his prophecies still live. In her book, "On the Face of the Waters," Mrs. Steele quotes one of them, as follows:

> "Fire worship for a hundred years,
> A century of Christ and tears;
> Then the true God shall come again,
> And every infidel be slain."

Major Sykes, in his work on Persia, says this prophecy was on every one's lips a generation ago and was perhaps the main cause of the Indian mutiny.

The Wahabi marauder, 'Abd-Allah, looted the treasure vaults of Kerbela in the last century, pillaged the tomb of Fatima's son, and slew nearly the whole population of the city. In Zehm's "Arabie" (page 332) is a list of the booty taken, comprising gold tiles from the dome of the mosque, great quantities of gold coin, rich Kashmir shawls, etc., and many Abyssinian slaves.

Beyond the mosque, however, Kerbela has few attractions for the traveler. The people showed no resentment as I wandered through the narrow bazaar on the evening of our arrival. I slept the night in a mud-walled khan, surrounded by scores of talking, singing, swearing, quarreling Persians. Donkeys, camels, dogs, and chickens were all crowded together with the human element of the caravans; but an hour after dark quiet ensued, for men and beasts who march all day must sleep at night (see page 586).

At dawn the confusion of the crowded khan awakened me, and I was glad when my servant said our mules were ready and we might be off. Fortified with a hasty breakfast of dates, Arab bread, and tea, we extricated our mules from the fighting, scrambling horde before the khan gate and moved away. It is two days by caravan from Kerbela to Nedjef, though the distance is less than 60 miles.

An hour south of Kerbela we came once more upon the desert, dreary and monotonous. Vast spots appeared covered with a thin, salty crust that crackled as the mules walked over it. After a few miles these spots faded away and we entered on a rolling sea of gray sand, the margin of the great waste that sweeps Arabia from Kerbela and Nedjef to Mecca, Aden, and the Red Sea. Our six mules filed head to tail. Besides my servant, two zaptiehs (soldiers) came also. The governor of Kerbela had sent them as an escort. The Turkish authorities refuse to be responsible for the

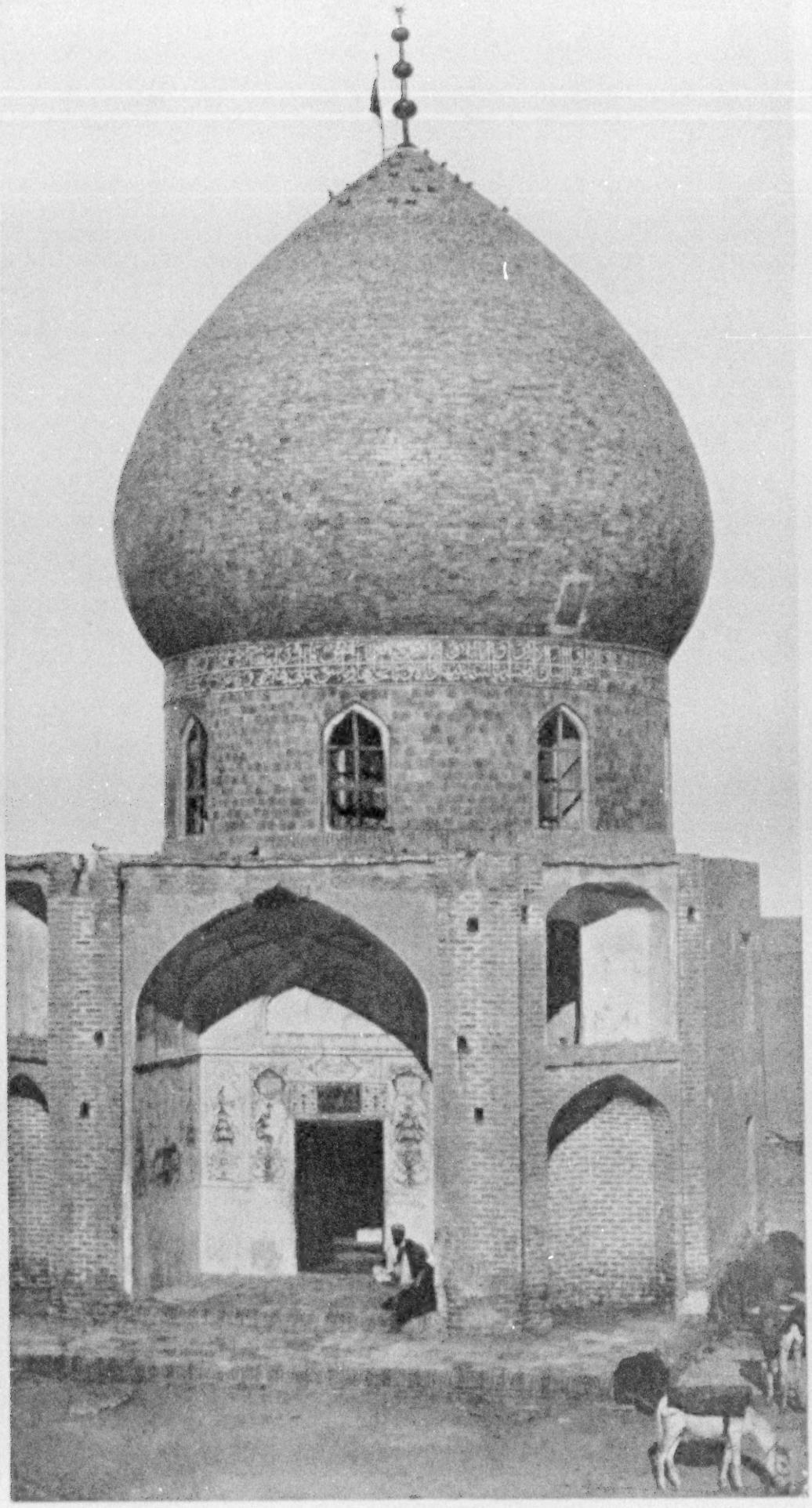


Photo by Frederick Simpich

A MOSQUE NEAR KERBELA, WITH ODD MURAL DECORATIONS ABOUT THE PORTAL: NOTE THE PIGEONS ON THE DOME (SEE PAGE 592)

"Kerbela sucks life from the unending pilgrim horde. Myriads of Shias have come and gone in centuries past, and millions are buried in the plain outside the city" (see text, page 590).

Photo by Frederick Simpich

TRAVELING BY THE FOUR-MULE COACH, CALLED ARABANA, ACCOMPANIED BY A GUARD OF ZAPTIEHS, OR SOLDIERS: MESOPOTAMIA

safety of foreigners who travel in Arabia without a government guard.

THE DESERT TRAIL

All about us lay the flat, empty world. Not a tree, a shrub, a plant, or a bird—not an object, dead or alive—broke the vast stretch of sun, sand, and silence. Only the muffled footfalls of the plodding mules, or the soft, slopping sound of water splashing in the goatskins, came to our ears. At times we rode up and down over billows of gray sand, stretching away to the right and left in endless swells like giant furrows.

I wondered how the zaptiehs kept the trail; often I could see no signs that previous travelers had passed our way, so quickly does the wind obliterate tracks in the shifting sand. Bones of dead camels and mules lay along our path at intervals. The wind plays in tiny eddies about them and prevents their being covered up with sand. For long, still hours we held our way, pushing always south.

The day was well spent when we came upon the mean, mud-walled khan built at the wells marking the half-way resting place. Already others who traversed the desert had reached the friendly spot. They proved a caravan from the busy Euphrates town of Kuffa, and were on their way to the stronghold of the Amir of Nejd. Rumors of fighting between Arab clans on their direct route had sent them on this round-about course. Half a hundred pack-camels laden with bales of Manchester "piece-goods," bags of rice, and Marseilles sugar in blue cones, lay about, chewing contentedly, or nosing among the meager clumps of camel's-thorn which grew about the camp.

The rough, half-clad camel drivers rested on their haunches, talking volubly and plying my servant with questions as to my nationality, destination, wealth, family relations, etc. And I am sure that in his replies the boy, Naomi, allowed my reputation to suffer not at all. To the Bedouins, all foreigners are Ferenghies ("Franks"). These camel men had not heard of America, and asked if it were a part of London.

One camel man watched over a smoky fire of dried camel dung, where coffee was boiling. Water from the well was green and brackish, and I imagined it smelled of camels; but coffee made of it tasted like any other. Naomi got my meal ready—dates, bread, and coffee, with a bowl of lebban, curdled camel's milk. Off to themselves, the two zaptiehs ate, smoked long Bagdad cigarettes, and talked in low, droning voices.

Sleep is sweet in the pure air of the Arab desert, and soon I lay dreaming. Only once I was awakened, when a restless camel came sniffing near. Overhead burned the planets, big and steady in their glare, like near-by arc lights. About rose the snores of tired, sleeping Arabs; the bulk of herded camels loomed large, and I heard the low crunching of their rolling cuds. The glow of the night watch's cigarette came to me from one side; in Bedouin camps no one knows the hour when desert thieves may come.

The gurgling grunt of camels rising stiffly, under unwelcome loads, roused me at dawn. Already the west-bound caravan was astir, making ready for the day's march. The drivers were testing the ropes of twisted palm fiber which held the packs to see that all was fast. Then, urged by sharp blows from the stout sticks and cries of "Ek, oosh, ek, oosh!" the clumsy beasts rose reluctantly, their odd, thoughtful faces stuck high in the air. Soon our own mules were ready, and we mounted to ride away southward to Nedjef. The rude, blaspheming camel men of the Amir's caravan shouted us their adieus as they trekked off, miles of waterless plain between them and Nejd. But their goatskins were tight full of water; as for the camels, they would not need to drink.

All day we followed our course, as on the day previous, through seas of sand. Toward noon we met hundreds of Persians returning from the pilgrimage. All the men could now dye their beards red and enjoy the title of Hahji—one who has made the Hahj, or pilgrimage. Soon I, too, would become a Hahji, for Nedjef was now near at hand.

NEDJEF, THE MYSTIC

The sun was nearly down, sliding like a fire ball from the copperish sky, when we caught the first glimpse of holy Nedjef. First the great gold dome of its

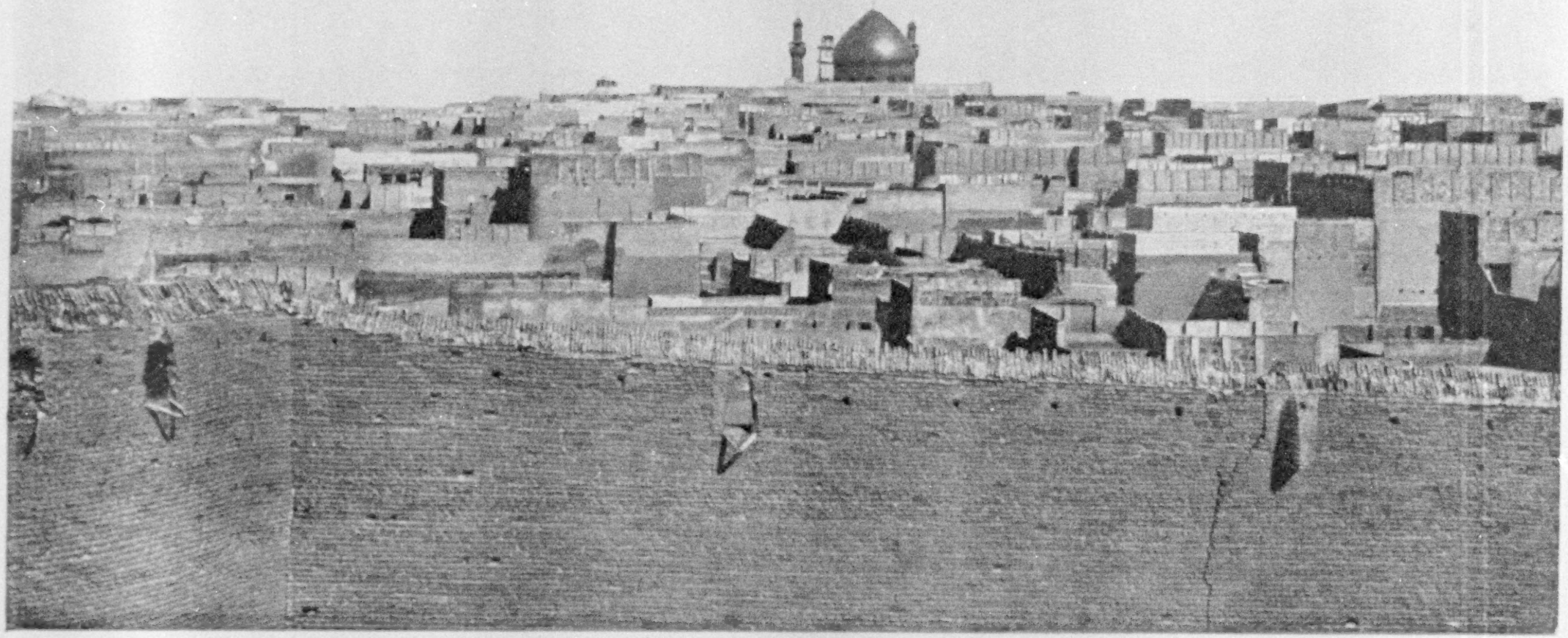


Photo by Frederick Simpich

VIEW OF NEDJEF, SHOWING ITS GOLDEN DOME AND THE FLAT-ROOFED ARAB HOUSES

This picture was taken from the top of an artificial hill outside the walls. The hill was made by material excavated from "serdabs" in Nedjef. Note absence of windows in the houses, which is also characteristic of old Bagdad. In the foreground is the brick wall surrounding the city. "In the eventful centuries since the Shias founded Nedjef—on the spot where a nephew of the Prophet Mohammed was slain—it is estimated that over 25,000,000 Moslems have made the pilgrimage to this mysterious desert city of golden domes, fabulous treasures, and weird rites" (see text, page 589). "More human bodies are buried in the plain outside the walls of Nedjef, it is said, than in any other one spot on earth" (see text, page 597).

mosque, burning in the sun rays; then, as we drew nearer, the high, frowning walls that surround the sacred city came into view (see page 594). It was a gorgeous spectacle, mirage-like vision, as of a mighty city floating in the air. The high, sharp walls shut it off abruptly from the desert, and it seemed a mighty thing apart from the surrounding sea of sand. In a few moments we were passing through the acres of graves outside the walls and soon arrived at the city gate.

The sight of a white man riding into Nedjef upset the guards at the gate very noticeably; they seized the rein of Naomi's donkey, gestured wildly in my direction, and quickly drew a copious flow of potent Arabic profanity from the zaptiehs. These latter worthies, now suddenly become very important, abused the lowly guards to perfection, and demanded that we be conducted immediately to the Kaimakam (a sort of subgoverner). Followed by hundreds of Arabs—as many as could crowd into the plaza about us—we were taken to the Belladieh, where I met the Kaimakam (a Turk). It was now quite dark, and I was pleased to follow the Kaimakam's advice, that we turn in and "see Nedjef" next day.

We spent the night in a fairly comfortable khan, sleeping on its flat mud-roof Moorish fashion. From the housetops about came the dull rattle of tom-toms and the sound of Arab women's voices, singing to the accompaniment of their jangling tambourines. Two captive desert lions, caged on a roof near the khan, roared at intervals during the night, and each time they roared I awakened, startled by the unusual sound.

A FREAK CITY

Nedjef is a freak city. Not a green thing—a plant, shrub, or tree—lives within its dry, hot limits. It is built on a high plain of soft sandstone. The narrow, crooked streets, in many places mere passages 3 or 4 feet wide, wind about like jungle paths. But for the four zaptiehs sent with me as a guard by the friendly Kaimakam, I must soon have lost my way when I set forth to see Nedjef.

For more than an hour we followed these narrow passages that lead through the Arab quarter. The mud-plastered houses were all two stories high and, odd as it sounds, had no windows facing the street. Only a wooden door, massive and bolt-studded, but so low that one must stoop to enter, opened to the street. As we threaded the cramped, crooked paths we came frequently on small Arab children playing before these doorways. Invariably they took one look at me, doubtless the first white man they had seen, and fled screaming through the low doorways. An instant later I would hear the startled voices of women, and then the hurried sliding of the great door bars.

Three or four times, in turning a sharp curve in the warped gloomy street, I came face to face with veiled Arab women. At sight of me through the odd peep-holes in their black veils they whirled about and dashed hastily into the first friendly doorway with many exclamations of surprise. Often, when we had passed a little beyond these women, I heard them burst into shrieks of hysterical laughter.

One of the strange features of this strange city is its cellars. In summer the fierce heat drives the panting people deep down into the earth, like rats in a hole. Beneath every house is a cellar, burrowed mine-like to amazing depths; one I explored reached an astoundingly low level, being more than 100 feet below the street. Down into these damp, dark holes the Shias flee when the scorching desert air sizzles above and imported German thermometers stand at 130 Fahrenheit. Some of the cellars (serdabs) are arranged in a tier of cells or rooms, one below the other; the upper room is used in the first hot months, the family going lower down as the heat increases.

So many of these vast underground retreats have been dug that the excavated material, carried from the city on donkeys' backs and dumped on the desert outside, forms a young mountain over 100 feet high, from the top of which a fine view of the city may be had. I was told that many of these serdabs are connected by means of underground corridors, and that criminals, who swarm in Nedjef, easily elude capture by passing through these tunnels from house to house, finally emerging at a point in the city remote from their place of disappearance.

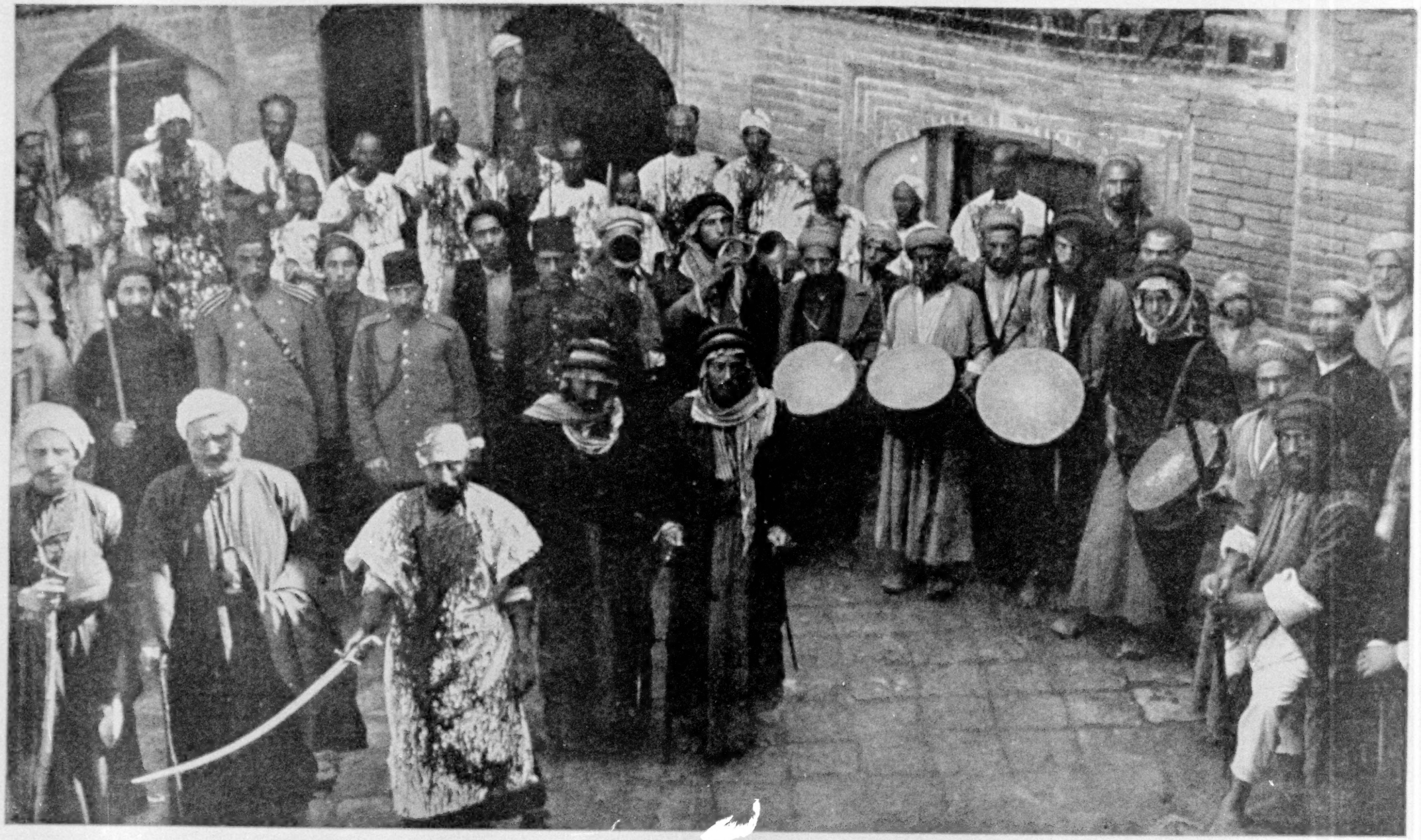


Photo by Frederick Simpich

FURIOUS FANATICS AT NEDJEF

The men with blood on their clothes are the victims of self-inflicted wounds. During the Moharrem feast these fanatics work themselves into a frenzy, gashing their heads and breasts with swords. Some have been known to kill themselves in the heat of religious excitement

In the heart of Nedjef, its great dome visible for miles on the surrounding desert, stands the magnificent mosque of Abbas, the shrine that draws the teeming throng from all the Middle East.

TILES OF GOLD

Turning from the native quarter, we came to the long straight bazaar leading to the mosque. I was struck with the difference in the looks of the Nedjef people and the crowds at Kerbela. Few Persians were about; the folk seemed all Arabs. Many uncouth, swaggering desert men were among them, their long hair, faded dress, and camel sticks, or oversupply of guns and side-arms, marking them as from the wild places. There was a spirit of crude, barbaric primitiveness in the crowd that surged past. The little touches of outside influence one sees at Bagdad, like an occasional European hat or an imported overcoat, were all lacking at Nedjef. Here was old Arabia in original bindings.

The mosque we came on suddenly, for the crowded bazaar street ends in an open plaza before this dazzling structure.

In amazement I gazed on its wonderful façade; golden tiles and fancy silverwork rise above and about the great portal, and across the wide entrance is hung a giant chain of brass, worn smooth and shiny from contact with the millions of turbans, tarbooshes, and keffeyehs which have brushed under it in centuries gone by. This chain is so hung that all who enter the mosque must bow.

Through this open gate, from where we stood, some 20 yards back, I could see the base of the great mosque itself. To my profound surprise, the great gold tiles which cover the dome also run to the very base of the mosque! And on the inside of the walls about the court were more gold tiles. Above the outer portal, too, on the outside, were sprawling Arabic characters 20 inches high, seemingly cut from sheets of gold! What must this barbaric splendor have cost!

The cost of the wonderful temple itself is but a bagatelle compared with the value of the treasure in its vault. For ages, be it known, Indian princes, shahs, and nobles of the Shia faith have made precious gifts to this temple at Nedjef, pouring into it a priceless stream of jewels, gold, and plate. A British Indian army officer told me that the looting of the Nedjef mosque was a favorite dream of soldiers in the Middle East, who looked forward to the day when war may sweep an army of invasion into Nedjef. The true enormity of the treasure at Nedjef was only brought to light in recent years, when the Shah of Persia made the Hahj and the pent-up wealth was revealed to his royal gaze by its zealous official keeper, the "Kilitdar."

But no Christian has ever seen the inner glories of the great mosque of Abbas at Nedjef. The contrast between two faiths is striking: a Moslem walking into a Christian church is made welcome; a Christian who walked into the Moslem mosque at Nedjef would be slain as a defiler; yet both claim the same God!

Lost in admiration of the splendid structure before me, I had failed to note the gathering crowd of Shias who now packed the plaza about us. It was the anxious voice of the zaptieh urging that I move away that finally roused me. In an instant, it seemed, fully 200 people had gathered in the small square before the mosque and were glaring at me and asking why and whence I had come.

One zaptieh, feeling my dignity assailed, foolishly struck or pushed a Shia who had cursed my religion and spat at me. A serious disturbance seemed about to break out, but we managed to slip away through a narrow side passage and thus avoid the crowd. As it was, a hundred or more men and boys followed, nor left off until we passed through the south gate of Nedjef and out onto the desert for safety.

More human bodies are buried in the plain outside the walls of Nedjef, it is said, than in any other one spot on earth. Myriads of fancy tombs, terminating at the top in little blue-tiled domes, rise from the plain. I asked how many might be buried there. "Allah knows all their names," said a zaptieh, simply. And all the millions of pilgrims who have come in ages past with corpses for burial have also brought money to spend. The richer the man who brings the body, the greater the toll taken. Twenty thousand dollars was spent on one funeral.

XUM

Burial sites within view of the great mosque bring a high price. The Turks put a tax on every corpse imported from India, Persia, etc. Many bodies are smuggled in. It is told of one astute Persian pilgrim that he divided his grandfather's skeleton and sent it in separate parcels by mail to save freight and tax.

When a death caravan reaches the outskirts of Nedjef, they unpack their gruesome baggage and prepare the various bodies for burial. The crude methods of embalming or mummifying would expose Nedjef to disease were it not for the dry desert air. The very few folk of Nedjef who work for a living make money manufacturing fancy shrouds, stamped with Koranic sentiments, for the burial of corpses brought in by the pilgrims.

Others turn out prayer-bricks ("Torba"), which every Shia uses in his daily prayers. These are made from holy clay, scooped up from the great cemetery and pressed into tiny odd-shaped bricks, and also stamped with an inscription from the Koran. When a Shia prays, he lays this torba on the ground, faces Nedjef, and prostrates himself, touching his forehead against the sacred brick.

Near the mosque in Nedjef lives a colony of what might be called perennial brides; they are legally married many times each year. When a caravan of pilgrims come in from a distant land, the men in the company seek out this colony of professional marrying women. An authorized priest performs a fixed ceremony, and the pilgrim is comfortably settled as a married man during his visit and period of prayer at holy Nedjef.

As crooks prey on the crowds that throng our "world's fairs," so a large criminal element thrives in Nedjef, living off the timid pilgrims. Gamblers, thieves, and sharpers abound, and few pilgrims leave Nedjef with money. Many fall by the wayside and eke out the life of beggars on the streets of Kerbela, Bagdad, etc.

In all of this unnatural city I saw not a tree or shrub; not even a potted plant. It is a dry, prison-like place of somber gray stones and mud-plastered walls. Remove its mosque, its one priceless possession, and Nedjef, with its horde who live on those that come to pray, would perish from the earth. In the 1,200 years of its eventful life, not one useful article has been manufactured within its fanatical precincts.

Yet in all Islam, Shias turn to Nedjef to say their prayers. To Nedjef every good man must make the pilgrimage once in his life, and at Nedjef he hopes to be buried when he dies.

IMPRESSIONS OF ASIATIC TURKEY

By Stephen van Rensselaer Trowbridge

FIVE years' experience in the provinces of Aleppo and Adana are the basis for the impressions recorded in this article. Extensive horseback journeys, covering altogether more than 4,000 miles, have given an excellent opportunity for an intimate study of the Turkish people and of the land itself.

In the provinces the Turks have built no monuments which will abide. Their seven centuries of occupation have served to demolish many stately ruins of ancient architecture; but as for constructive work not even roads and bridges have been built.

Many Americans are prejudiced against the Turks, partly through a vague suspicion of all the Oriental peoples and partly through the scathing denunciations called forth by massacres of Bulgarians and Armenians. Many of these hostile utterances are no doubt echoes of William E. Gladstone's famous invectives, and even in Shakespearean drama we find bitter allusions to the Turks.

But let us remember that the individual Turk possesses many admirable qualities of hospitality, courage, and fidelity. Asia Minor is made up largely of rugged mountain ranges and high, fertile pla-

teaus. In this bracing climate a strong type of physique is developed, as those who have traveled among the Turkish peasants very well know.

Yet it is doubtful if the Turkish nation can stand much longer against the steady and well-planned advance by Germany, Russia, and England for the ultimate occupation of what is left of the Empire. The complete defeat at the hands of the Balkan allies, due very largely to 30 years of political corruption and mismanagement in Constantinople, has broken Turkish prestige in such a way as to invite further territorial dismemberment.

Those ancient plains and valleys which have seen the momentous clash of Asiatic and European armies in the centuries of the past are destined to see still further political changes before their rich resources are claimed for modern science and industrial development.

A HISTORIC COUNTRY

The historic character of the country appeals strongly to the imagination of the traveler. At Jerablus, on the Euphrates, where the new bridge of the Bagdad Railway is to span the half mile of turbid, rushing water, the ruins of Carchemish, the capital of the Hittite Empire, lie buried 15 feet below the Greek and Roman ruins. No less than seven cities have been built upon that site, and each civilization has left its layer of shattered brick and stone. This was once the rich country ravaged by Nebuchadnezzar and Pharaoh Necho.

From the crags of the Amanus Mountains one may look down upon the plain of Issus, bordering the blue Mediterranean, where Alexander the Great so overwhelmingly defeated Darius and forced his way into the coveted realms of the Orient.

West of Issus, in the fertile Cilician plain, is the city of Tarsus, the birthplace of St. Paul. In the Taurus and Amanus Mountains many Armenian fortresses are to be found, recalling the days when Armenian kings ruled from their capital at Sis. In every broad valley and upon every plain are the mysterious Hittite mounds, which shelter the secrets of an almost prehistoric past. The Germans have excavated the mound at Zinjirli and have carried the immense sculptures to the Berlin museum.

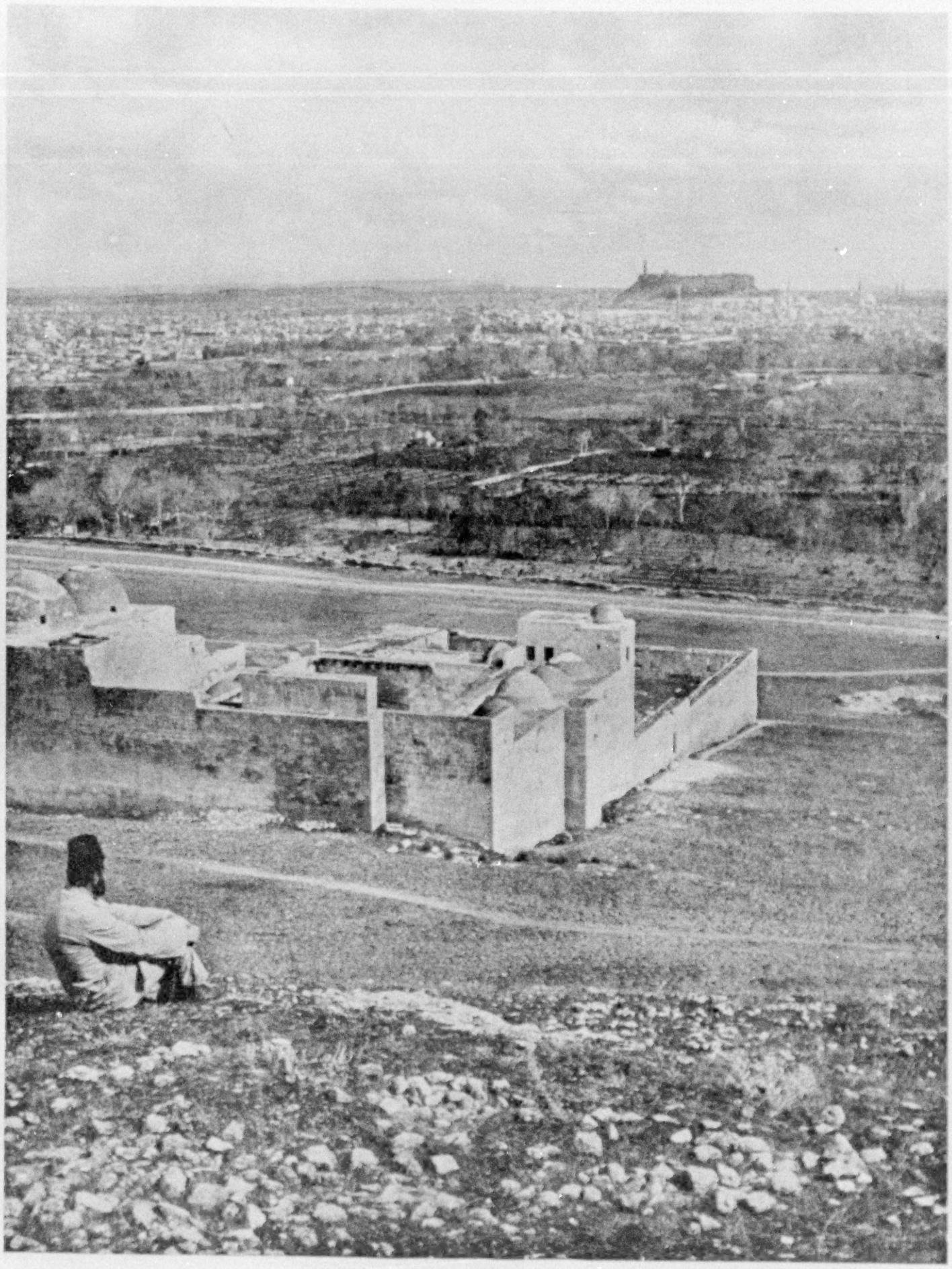
Two days' horseback journey southeast from Issus, the outlines of the ancient Antioch, the very city from which Paul and Barnabas set forth upon their first missionary expedition, may be clearly recognized from the crumbling walls which were once able to withstand the most desperate sieges.

Seventy miles to the east of the Euphrates, at the northern end of the Mesopotamian plain, is the citadel of Edessa, the modern Urfa, which for 50 years was valiantly held by the Crusaders. To look down into the yawning moat, cut to a depth of 50 feet in the living rock, gives one a sense of the enormous difficulty of storming those ancient castles. Baldwin captured the fortress in 1098, but eventually the Saracens, under Zangi, drove the Crusaders forth and reclaimed the stronghold for Islam.

Aleppo, now a prosperous city of over 200,000 population, is famous as the capital of Salah-ed-din (the Saladin of Crusader history), whose mighty fortress stands to this day. From that point the Saracen monarch directed his conquests of northern Syria, and marched southward to do battle with Richard Cœur-de-Lion (see page 600).

The persistent influence of the Crusades may be realized from the fact that as late as 1638 the Knights of St. John occupied the western hill of the city of Aintab against the assaults of the Turks. When the excavations for the building of an American Girls' School were being made about eight years ago, a kettle full of silver coins was dug up. The coins are of the early seventeenth century and were evidently buried by the Knights of St. John—perhaps in their last stand against the followers of Mohammed.

Roman coins and bits of Grecian pottery are frequently dug up by Turkish plowmen or are washed to the surface by the torrent of some sudden rain. Along the limestone cliffs of the Euphrates are seen the ruins of Greek aqueducts which were in full operation in the



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A VIEW OF PICTURESQUE ALEPPO AND ITS FAMOUS GARDENS

"Aleppo, now a prosperous city of over 200,000 population, is famous as the capital of Salah-ed-din (the Saladin of Crusader history), whose mighty fortress stands to this day. From that point the Saracen monarch directed his conquests of northern Syria, and marched southward to do battle with Richard Cœur-de-Lion" (see text, page 599).

days when Lucian of Samosata wrote his comedies and satires.

WONDERFUL CEDAR FORESTS

Upon the northern border of these provinces of Adana and Aleppo the main range of the Taurus breaks the horizon, with its rugged, snow-capped peaks, whose altitude is from 7,000 to 10,000 feet. This great backbone of mountains runs east and west, curving at the western end southward to the Mediterranean and extending eastward into the highlands of Kurdistan. North and south from the city of Marash to the sea runs the Amanus range, whose peaks are from 5,000 to 7,000 feet in height.

It was from these cedar forests that the pillars for many of the Babylonian temples were hewn. The immense logs had to be carried over a rough, hill country fully 100 miles before they could be rolled into the waters of the Euphrates to be floated down to their destination.

The eastern or landward slopes of the Amanus range are entirely deforested; but on the seaward side, owing to the mists and moisture, the fresh growths have been rapid and many of the forests are very dense. The difficulties of transportation are so great that when the majestic cedars and pines are felled the trunks are often left to rot, while the tops and branches are loaded on mules and carried down the rough trails. The cedars are of the species *Cedrus libani*, and are far more plentiful than in the Lebanon range.

From the stumps of certain cedars recently cut down in the Taurus it is evident that the larger trees are from 300 to 500 years old. The height ranges from 50 to 80 feet and the girths are often over 20 feet. The cedars grow higher up the mountain side than any other trees. Near them are the balsams, a balsam and a cedar often growing up very close together. On the Amanus range oaks and beeches are found in abundance, the beeches at an altitude of 4,000 feet and the oaks somewhat lower down.

Mistletoe grows plentifully on the oaks and the balsams, but no romantic seniments stir the hearts of the mountaineers. The shepherd girls climb the trees and tear off the clusters to feed them to their flocks of goats!

The Turkish government has had a Bureau of Forestry for years past, but corruption and idleness and lack of scientific training have combined to produce nothing except wasteful expense for salaries.

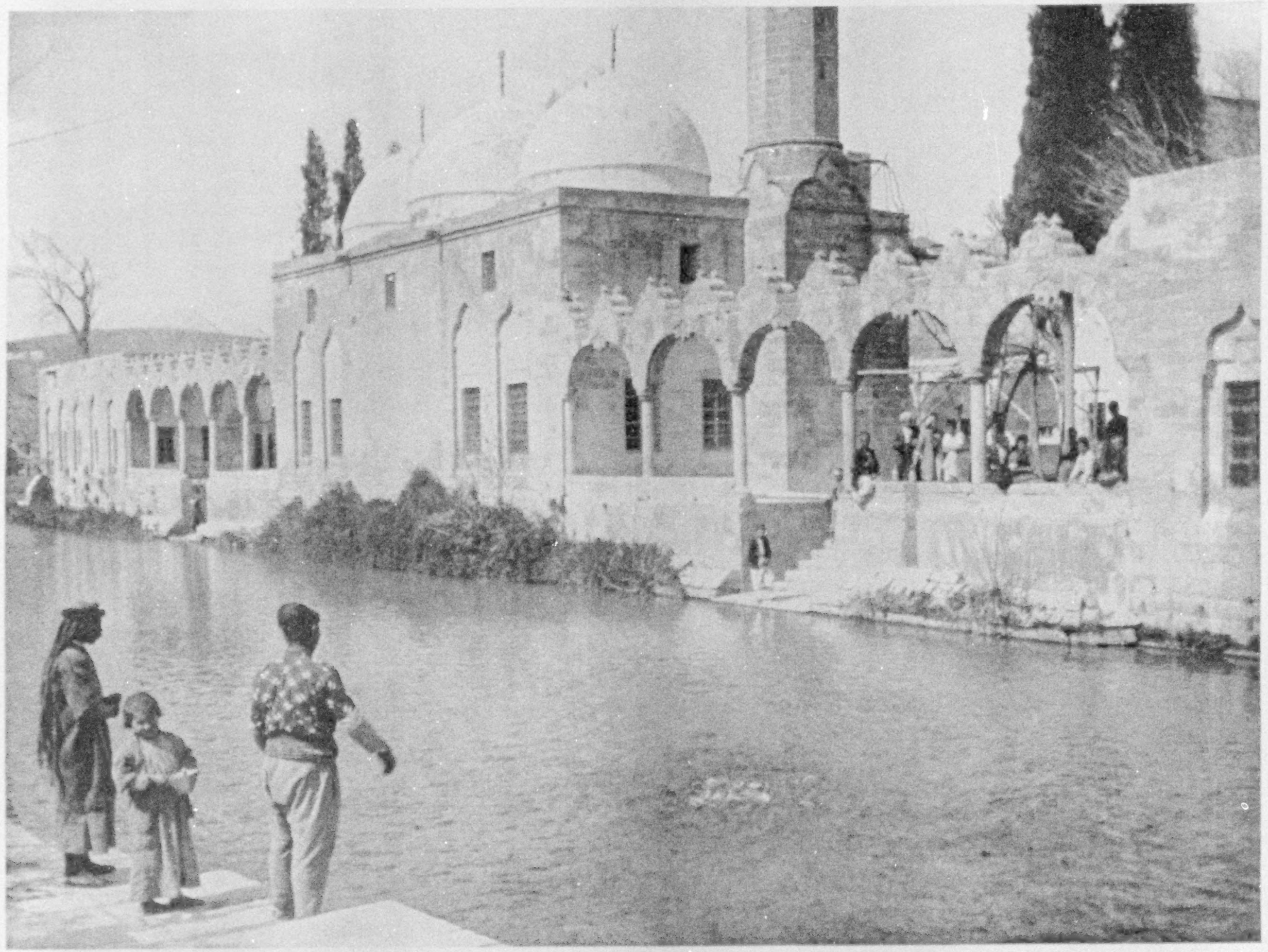
The shortage of forests partly accounts for the exorbitant prices paid for lumber all through Asia Minor and for the cost of charcoal, which ranges from $20 to $40 a ton. The laborious caravan transportation over desperately difficult trails also affects the cost of fuel and lumber. During a prolonged snow-storm in the Aleppo province, in 1911, charcoal reached the price of $100 a ton, and bituminous coal from England was on the market in Aleppo at very high rates.

Another harmful effect of the denuding of the mountains is seen in the wild torrents that sweep down in early spring through the hill country to the Euphrates. Rapidly melting snow and heavy rainfall are the natural causes. It is difficult to conceive of the suddenness of these floods. Caravans encamped near a dry river-bed have more than once been swept to destruction. And sometimes travelers while peacefully crossing a stream will find the water rising so rapidly around them as to carry the horses off their feet and endanger the lives of all.

Certain torrents are known by famous accidents which have thus occurred. "The drowner-of-the-bride and "The sieve-maker's torrent" are two that are greatly dreaded.

I have found on the bank of a certain swift stream caravans that had accumulated for 22 days, no one daring to cross. Bridges are found only on the main military routes, and even those bridges are in wretched repair. The Euphrates gathers up the waters of that vast region and sweeps away to the Persian Gulf at the rate of five miles an hour. During the April and May floods, due to the melting snows of Armenia, the river spreads out to a width of over half a mile, even as far north as Carchemish. This makes the crossing in the antiquated ferry-boats very difficult indeed.

The mountain scenery is majestic and



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MOSQUE OF ABRAHAM AND POOL OF SACRED FISH: URFA, MESOPOTAMIA

"Seventy miles to the east of the Euphrates, at the northern end of the Mesopotamian plain, is the citadel of Edessa, the modern Urfa, which for 50 years was valiantly held by the Crusaders. To look down into the yawning moat, cut to a depth of 50 feet in the living rock, gives one a sense of the enormous difficulty of storming those ancient castles" (see text, page 599).

inspiring. I have seen while riding in the Adana plain at daybreak 15 snow-white peaks light up with the delicate tints of dawn. The atmospheric effects of early morning and sunset are entirely unique. Rich tints of purple, blue, and rose hover above the horizon at those mystic hours.

Riding out over the Mesopotamian plain in the heat of summer, I have watched with wonder the phenomenon of the mirage. Beautiful groves of trees of shimmering brightness and grace stand forth on the level horizon; but when some new angle of vision is reached the fair scene grows hazy and vanishes. Again I have seen the distant part of the plain transformed into a vast lake, with many wooded islands. At such times it is almost impossible to believe that the plain has no such beauties, but is in reality a dull, level brown, with clustered villages, monotonously similar and colorless.

The mineral resources of that part of Turkey are as yet undiscovered; but it is known that there are rich copper veins in several parts of the Taurus and in the hills near Diarbekr. Coal has been found in ledges near the surface and extending many miles not far from Aintab and Behesne. Near Bagdad oil fields have been discovered. The Karamanian range west of Adana contains vast amounts of iron ore. Given an intelligent and liberal government, these natural resources will attract the attention of engineers and investors from all over the world.

Out in the plain of Haran, where Abraham sojourned, the surveyors have driven their stakes for the "iron road" within eight or ten paces of the well which by ancient tradition of the Arab tribes is the very well where Rebecca watered the camels at eventide. Soon the freight trains will be rushing by and the camel caravans will be forced farther back into the desert.

The Arabs of the plain are perhaps the most primitive of all the inhabitants of Turkey.

I have seen a group of Arab men divide and devour a large watermelon and toss the rinds out into the dust of the village street. They were not thrown aside for the donkeys and camels, for by and by the women and children came skulking up, gathered the gritty rinds, and ate them with avidity! Probably not more than 1 per cent of these Arabs can read. The village dwellings are adobe huts, but the nomads live under goats'-hair tents the year round.

It is here in the north Arabian plain that the finest horses in the world are raised. Every year buyers from Bombay and Cairo come to the Aneyzeh and Shammar tribes to secure polo and riding horses of the purest breeds. These horses, when exported to northern and western countries, do not stand the cold, damp climates.

DIFFICULTIES OF TRAVEL

Journeys are usually made on horseback in these provinces, though the larger cities are all connected by a system of wagon roads. The roads get into such hopeless condition that it is no strange sight to see five or six Aleppo carriages up to the hubs in mire, the passengers all having abandoned them by wading through the stickiest kind of mud, fervently wishing that they had had sense enough to start out on horseback.

A good riding horse will get through anything except quagmire and quicksand; but the exposure of riding ten or twelve hours a day in the saddle makes traveling extremely difficult for aged people and those of delicate health. The heat of the sun in summer is so intense that the journey is very exhausting. Horseflies, mosquitoes, and the dirty conditions of wayside inns detract from the romance of life in the saddle.

But the unfailing hospitality of the people, welcoming the traveler, no matter of what race or religion, to any house in any village, compensates for many of the inconveniences and hardships of village life.

When journeying by caravan, there is a continual din at night and sleep is well-nigh impossible; for whether in an inn or in an open camp the pack-horses and mules carry great bronze bells around their necks which jangle resonantly as the animals move to and fro. The best way is to travel with little baggage, as the Turks usually do, and accept the hospi-

tality of the chief's house, where the guests may number a dozen or more any night of the year.

After sunset a tray is placed on a low stool and a steaming dish of crushed wheat, with onions or peppers and bread in abundance, is set down in the midst. The Moslems exclaim in Arabic, "In the name of God, the compassionate and merciful," and fall to with earnestness; for the evening meal is the mainstay of the day.

As soon as the tray is cleared away by the women of the household prayer rugs are spread, and with one accord the men bow low toward the Kaabah and repeat the Arabic formula of prayer. Nothing is more impressive all through the Orient than the rhythm and devotion of this simple Mohammedan ceremonial, performed as faithfully in the mud hut of the desert as upon the marble pavement of a Constantinople palace.

Great numbers of the poorer people travel on foot. Still others are able to enjoy the luxury of mounting a donkey, thus covering the weary miles of the plain. The freight is carried by caravans of mules or camels; to some extent by heavy, clumsy wagons drawn by horses.

MOST PRIMITIVE AGRICULTURE

Wheat is the staple product of Turkey. Bread is the staff of life for the millions of the poor. Barley is extensively raised to provide for the large number of horses throughout the country. During the past quarter century cotton has been planted in the Adana plain and thus a new industry is rapidly developing. Experts state that the Mesopotamian plain, when properly irrigated, will produce a substantial share of the world's cotton crop.

The climatic conditions are also favorable for the production of silk. Mulberry trees are cultivated in the region of Antioch. It is upon the mulberry leaves that the silk-worms are fed. The raw silk is exported to France, although a few mills at Damascus and Antioch are now established. The largest silk industry is in northern Asia Minor, at Brusa.

Olive oil is also exported in considerable amount and is of local importance in the manufacture of soap. The ripe, black olives are a wholesome staple food and are as different from our bottled olives as ripe plums are from green ones.

Fruit trees are planted near all the towns and yield plentifully if carefully watered. Nowhere can more delicious figs and pomegranates be found; and the grapes of Central Turkey are famous. The grape season lasts into the late autumn and the yield is abundant. A considerable part of the vintage is made into a kind of molasses by boiling and beating the grape juice.

In farming the most primitive implements are used. The little wooden ploughs do not pierce more than four or five inches into the ground; and the patriarchal methods of threshing and winnowing are still practiced. The stalks of wheat are spread over the threshing floor a foot deep; then the oxen drag a wooden sledge, set underneath with sharp flintstones, around and around over the wheat until the stalks and ears are thoroughly cut to pieces.

Then the hand labor commences if there is a propitious breeze. With the broad fan the wheat is tossed into the air, the chaff is carried away by the wind and the grain falls back upon the ground. Very little farm machinery has been imported, partly because of its cost and the difficulty of making repairs in a country where mechanics is an unknown trade and partly because labor is so very cheap. A laboring man's wage is from 10 to 30 cents a day.

A very small percentage of the farmers own their farms. Most of the holdings are in the hands of rich city lords, who employ overseers and practice all manner of oppression and extortion. In this way whole villages are bought and sold, the taxes being farmed out by the government to the highest bidder.

The government tax on all cereals is one-eighth of the harvest. Upon flocks and herds the rate is about the same. In many districts another eighth has to be sacrificed to the rapacity of the tax-collector, so the harvest is sadly shrunk and often has become mildewed before the obnoxious "publican" withdraws to the city.

Potatoes are almost unknown in Turkey and meat is eaten very little. The

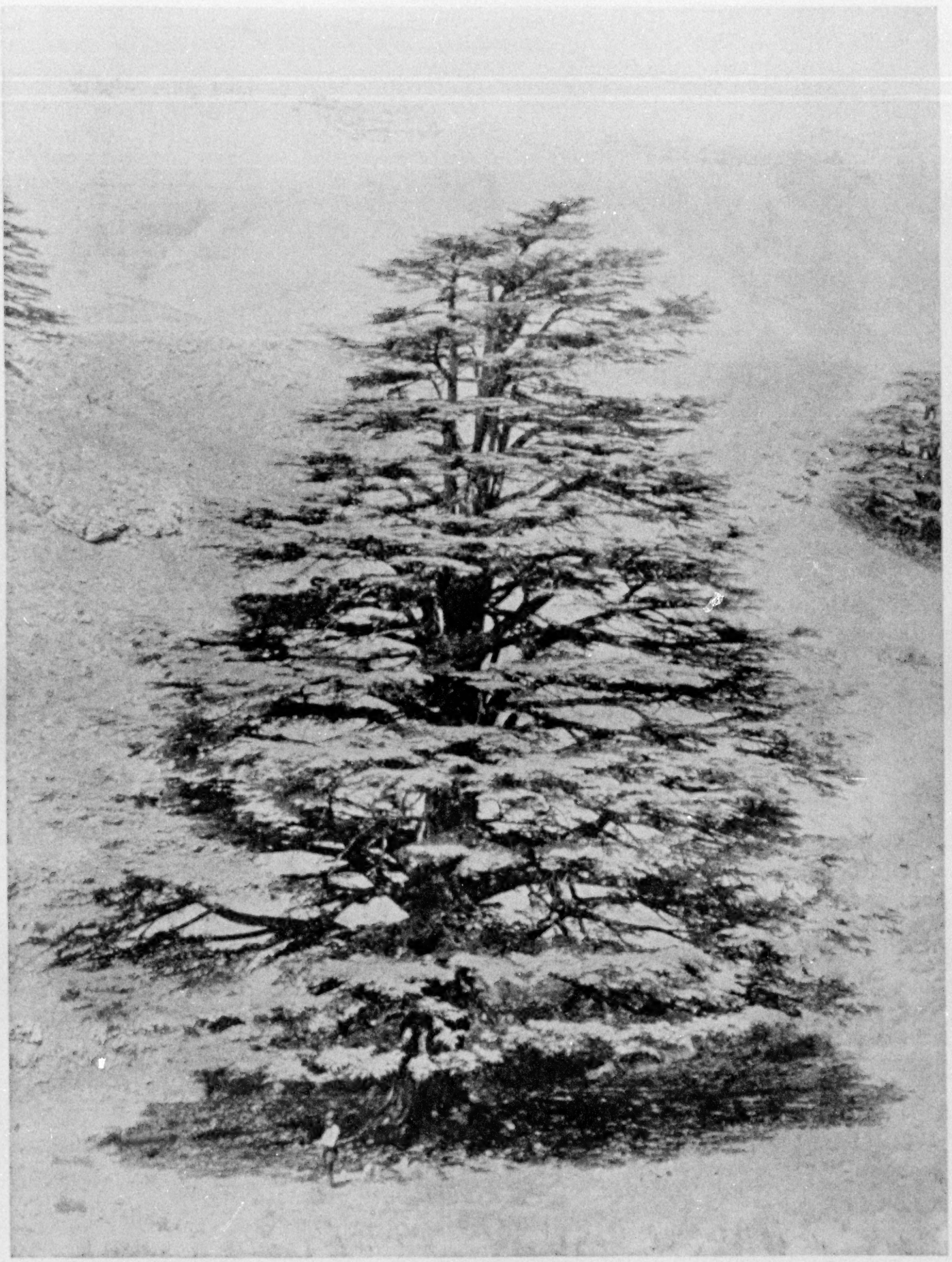


Photo by American Colony, Jerusalem

A CEDAR OF LEBANON

"It was from these cedar forests that the pillars for many of the Babylonian temples were hewn. The immense logs had to be carried over a rough, hill country fully 100 miles before they could be rolled into the waters of the Euphrates to be floated down to their destination. . . . From the stumps of certain cedars recently cut down in the Taurus it is evident that the larger trees are from 300 to 500 years old. The height ranges from 50 to 80 feet and the girths are often over 20 feet" (see text, page 601).

THE SEA OF GALILEE

Bare and drab are the hills that surround the little sea where the faith of Peter was tested. The sea is, in point of fact, a small lake thirteen miles long and seven miles broad, the surface of whose waters is seven hundred feet lower than the Mediterranean. In the time of Christ the shore was a continuous garden, with several cities and villages, and was a noted summer resort. The Galileans were looked upon by the Southern Jews as an ignorant and rustic folk. At the same time they were, from the religious point of view, the most liberal-minded people of Palestine.

DOWN BY THE WELL: JERUSALEM

Nowhere is the "unchanging East" less given to change than in its water supply. The same wells to which women went in the days that the Saviour encountered the woman who wondered how it was that he, being a Jew, would speak to her, seeing that the Jews and the Samaritans had no dealings together, are still there, and the same type of bottles are filled now that were filled then.

THE MUSSULMAN FEAST OF THE PASSOVER

Photo by C. L. Aab

Note the mad man dancing. He wears himself out, throwing his head forward and backward until he is completely exhausted, and it often kills him. If he dies he becomes a wali, and his memory is respected and sacrifices are offered on his tomb. The banners belong to the heads of tribes, called sheiks or imams. The street through which the procession is moving leads down from the Mosque of Omar, through St. Stephen's Gate, and up the road to Bethany, passing by the Garden of Gethsemane.

Mohammedans detest any form of pig's meat, because it is so emphatically declared unclean in the Quran.

It is not the province of this article to describe what Americans have done in Turkey. But travelers who have ventured away from the usual track of the tourists have been astonished to find everywhere high schools, colleges, hospitals, industrial plants, and churches established under the leadership of the American missionaries and manifestly influencing the whole life of the community.

American manufactures are also beginning to find a market throughout that country. Sewing-machines, aëromotors, gas-engines, and farm machinery no longer excite the curiosity which they once aroused. An American automobile has traveled from Aleppo to Bagdad in 57 hours' running time, excluding the 20 hours spent in getting across the Euphrates on a raft. The government mail makes the same trip in 13 days and an ordinary caravan in 21. This shows the possibility of transit when once a reliable and modern government is in control.

FINAL ESTIMATE OF THE TURK

Although still in the dark ages as regards science, although under the handicap of a religion which runs athwart all our modern civilization, although well-nigh ruined by the vicious despotism of "the Red Sultan," Abdul-Hamid; although fanatical and ruthless toward his Armenian and Syrian subjects, yet it is my strong conviction that the Turk has in him good material for manhood. The qualities of fortitude and friendship are not lacking.

The consciousness of God is in his heart wherever he goes and whatever he does. It is not, of course, the Christian ideal of God, but the instinct is there, strong and persistent. Among the peasants especially there is a Spartan spirit of endurance which commands admiration. If we could only understand the soul of the Turk, I am sure we should find that intrinsic worth which has been implanted in human nature by Him who has made of one blood all nations of the earth.

During the massacre of 1895 in the city of Aintab, a Turkish neighbor by the name of Haji Agha came across the street and stood in the gateway of the American hospital, ordering back the mob of Moslem rioters and assuring them that if they attempted to assault that gateway it would be over his own body. His fidelity and his courage saved the day.

HENRY GANNETT

AT THE meeting of the Board of Managers of the National Geographic Society held Wednesday December 16, 1914, it was moved and unanimously adopted that the following resolution be spread on the minutes of the Society and published in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE:

"The National Geographic Society has lost its honored President, Henry Gannett, through his death on November 5, 1914, after a devoted service to this Society covering the whole period of its existence.

"In his death the Society has lost one of its most enthusiastic supporters and one of its wisest counsellors. He was one of the six men who organized the Society, becoming its first Secretary, then its Treasurer, then its Vice-President, and finally, in 1909, its President, an office he filled with honor to himself and credit to the Society to the day of his death. From the day of the Society's founding he was also a member of the Board of Managers, and for the last ten years of his life headed its Committee on Research.

"In his death geographic science has lost one of its richest contributors. He was in large measure the father of Government map-making in the United States. As Chief Geographer of the United States Geological Survey for many years; as Assistant Director of the Philippine Census; as Assistant Director

of the Cuban Census; as Geographer of the 10th, 11th, and 12th censuses of the United States; as Statistician of the National Conservation Commission, and as Chairman of the United States Geographic Board, his contributions to geographic knowledge were of inestimable value.

"We feel deeply the great loss our Society has sustained in Mr. Gannett's death, and extend to the members of his family our own as well as the Society's profound sympathy.

"We have lost a valued friend, the community a most useful citizen, his family a devoted husband and father, and the cause of geographic science one who labored in its behalf with unflagging zeal, with unremitting energy, and with unusual success."

For more than a third of a century Dr. Gannett had been one of the leading figures in the scientific activities of the United States Government, at the same time playing a most important rôle in related affairs outside of the Federal service. He was practically the father of Government map-making in the United States, the chief figure in the work of standardizing geographic names in America, and the author of our present system of statistical charting in connection with the National Censuses.

Dr. Gannett was born in Maine, August 24, 1846, the son of Michael Farley and Mary Church Gannett. He came of rugged Anglo-Saxon stock, and, as soon as he reached the age where he could think for himself, decided to make engineering his life work. When 23 years of age he took the Bachelor of Science degree at Lawrence Scientific School, Harvard University. This degree, at that time, corresponded to the present degree of Civil Engineer. The next year, in 1870, he took the degree of Mining Engineer at Hooper Mining School, Harvard University. Following his graduation he became assistant at the Harvard Astronomical Observatory, accompanying Professor Pickering to Spain in 1871 to observe the total eclipse of the sun that year.

Upon his return from Spain two positions in the scientific world were tendered him — that of astronomer in the Hall North Polar Expedition and that of topographer on the staff of Dr. F. V. Hayden, for the United States Geological and Geographic Survey of the Territories. He chose Government survey work rather than Polar exploration as the field of his activities, and was appointed topographer to the Western Division of the Hayden Survey, serving in that capacity until it was merged into the newly created United States Geological Survey.

It was hazardous work and appealed to the adventurous spirit. It carried the hardy young engineer into regions where the foot of white men had never before trod; across mountain passes and torrential rivers; among wild Indian tribes, often on the war-path.

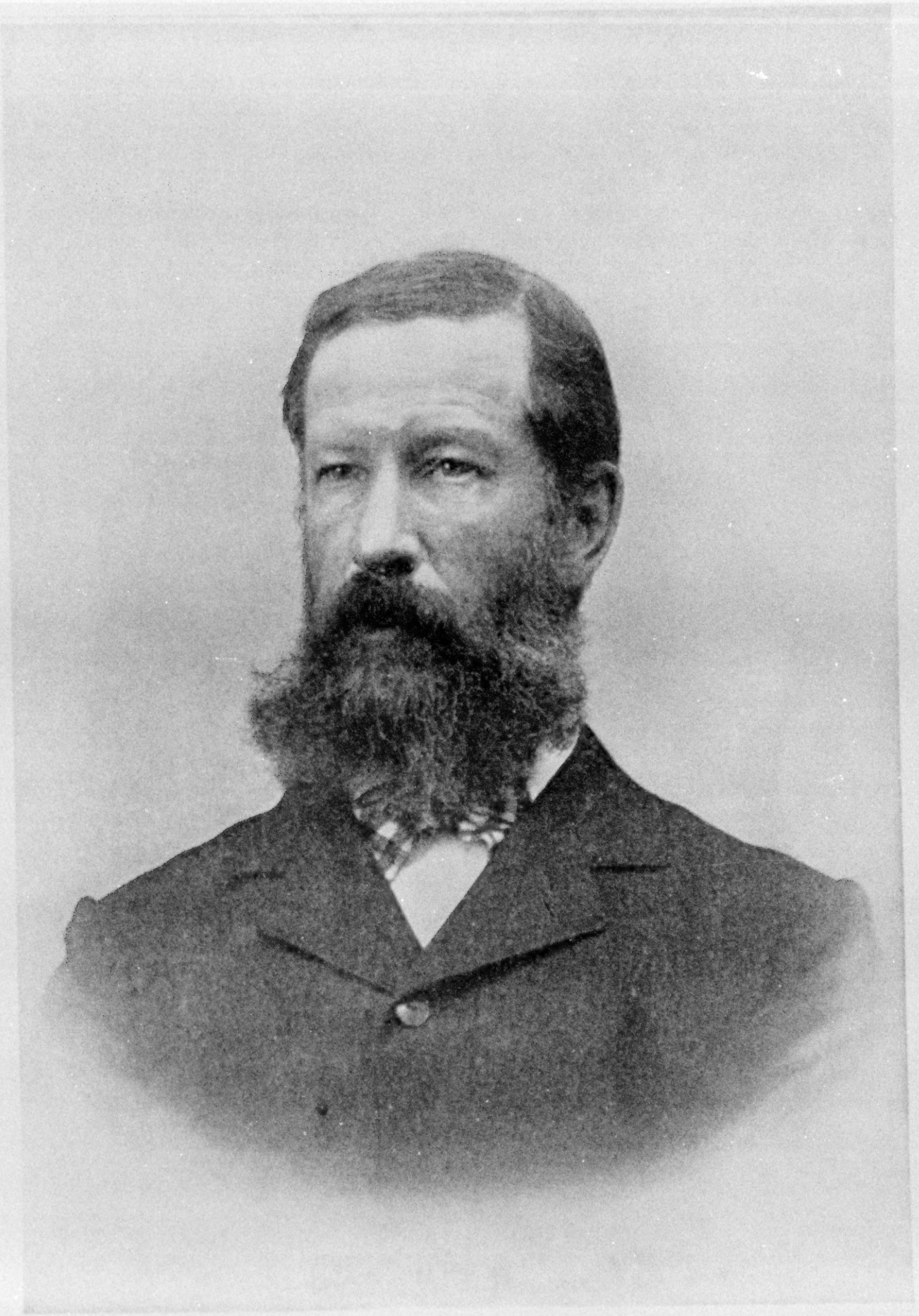
He became a pioneer explorer and topographer of great sections, more particularly Colorado and Wyoming, of the vast empire which the Louisiana Purchase added to our national domain. It was a region filled with geologic wonders and unmeasurable industrial possibilities, which appealed equally to the imagination and the practical turn of the young engineer's mind.

He discovered and christened many a mountain peak and hidden lake and was one of the first to ascend Mt. Whitney, the highest peak in the United States outside of Alaska.

In 1879 the United States Census needed the services of an experienced geographer, and the Geological Survey was asked to detail him for that work. As geographer of the Tenth Census, he laid out nearly 2,000 enumeration districts with such definiteness that each census enumerator for the first time knew in advance the metes and bounds of his district. This system is in force to the present day. The statistical atlas he created for the Tenth Census marked a new epoch in statistical cartography.

When his services with the Tenth Census ended, Mr. Gannett returned to the Geological Survey, in 1882, which was then headed by Major J. W. Powell, the intrepid geologist. Director Powell promptly made him the Chief Geographer of the Survey.

As Chief Geographer, Dr. Gannett de-



HENRY GANNETT

President of the National Geographic Society, 1910–1914

termined the principles upon which the surveys have since been carried on. He selected the sections to be surveyed and the points of departure; organized and instructed the parties sent into the field; visited them and inspected their work from summer to summer; supervised the conversion of their field notes into the topographical maps of which he designed the plan. Thus it was that he came to be called "the father of American map-making." The system of topography he built up is recognized in other countries as the equal of any in existence, and remains practically unchanged, except as changing local conditions and new geological developments require that new maps shall supersede the earlier. His work commanded such universal approval that before very long new legislation extended the topographical survey from the public domain, to which it was limited when the Geological Survey was organized, to the entire United States.

During his career as Chief Geographer more territory was mapped by the Government of the United States, under his direct supervision, than was ever mapped before in the same length of time under the supervision of any one man.

Dr. Gannett served as geographer of the censuses of 1890 and 1900, the while continuing as Chief Geographer of the U. S. Geological Survey. In 1904 it became necessary to secure a census of the Philippines. This census was directed by the military, but Dr. Gannett was asked to take charge of its statistical activities. The results of that census are published in four volumes, large parts of which stand as a monument to the zeal and devotion of the subject of this sketch.

He was also in charge of the statistical work in the censuses of Cuba and Porto Rico. He was Geographer of the United States Conservation Commission and one of the pioneers in the forest preservation movement in the United States. His sympathetic interest and wise counsel were always to be counted on and were freely given while these important policies were taking shape.

The United States Board of Geographic Names, now the U. S. Geographic Board, affords another illustration of Dr. Gannett's skillful adaptation of the science of geography to the purposes of government. It was originally an unofficial organization, brought together by Dr. Gannett and Dr. T. C. Mendenhall, of the Coast Survey, and composed of ten governmental geographers, keenly sensitive to the confusion and contradiction in geographic names constantly appearing in governmental publications. They convinced President Harrison that their work should be officially confirmed. He issued an executive order, dated September 4, 1890, constituting the Board and directing that all unsettled questions concerning geographic nomenclature and orthography, particularly upon the maps and charts of the government, be first referred to the Board, and its decisions accepted as the standard authority. Dr. Mendenhall was named as chairman, and served until he left Washington, in 1894, when Dr. Gannett succeeded him, serving as chairman of the Board for twenty years.

When this Board was created, new counties and towns were being founded in the great West with an amazing rapidity. They were often christened on the spur of the moment, often in keeping with some individual caprice. The result was a rapidly increasing hodge-podge of geographical nomenclature. The Board found hundreds of instances where the name of the post-office did not conform to the name given by local usage to the town in which the post-office was situated. Many instances were found where the same name had been given to two or more towns in the same State. Up to the time of its last report the Board had decided 5,133 such cases. The rules outlined by the Board to govern its policy are simple, sensible, and conservative. They follow in the main the similar rules of boards and national geographic societies of Europe working for unification of geographic names in their several countries. This is one of the many ways in which geographic science promotes world civilization. Dr. Gannett did more work in this field than any other American.

Mr. Gannett was a voluminous writer on geographical, statistical, and inter-re-

lated subjects and did much to enrich the geographical literature of the world. The Government archives contain a large number of reports in connection with his work as a topographer of the Hayden Survey and Geographer of the Geological Survey; a very large amount of material in connection with the three decennial Federal censuses and the censuses of our Insular possessions and Cuba, and many special reports on special topics. He made constant contributions to scientific magazines and societies, and for 30 years was a contributor to most of the standard encyclopedias published during that period. He was the author of several books which held a prominent place in geographical and statistical sciences. Among these are his "Manual of Topographical Surveys," his "Dictionary of Altitudes," and his "Commercial Geography." In 1905 he published "The Building of a Nation," and in 1898 his "United States" was published in London as Volume II of "Stanford's Compendium of Geography and Travel."

Dr. Gannett received the degree of LL. D. from Bowdoin College in 1899, in recognition of his service to geographic science. He was a corresponding member of the Royal Geographical Society, of the Scottish Society of Geographers, of the Geographical Society of France, and was the Secretary of the Eighth International Geographic Congress, held at Washington in 1904.

Dr. Gannett served as the secretary of the meeting which organized the National Geographic Society and played an important rôle in its history, culminating in the Chairmanship of its Committee on Research and the Presidency of the Society, both of which positions he was filling at the time of his death.

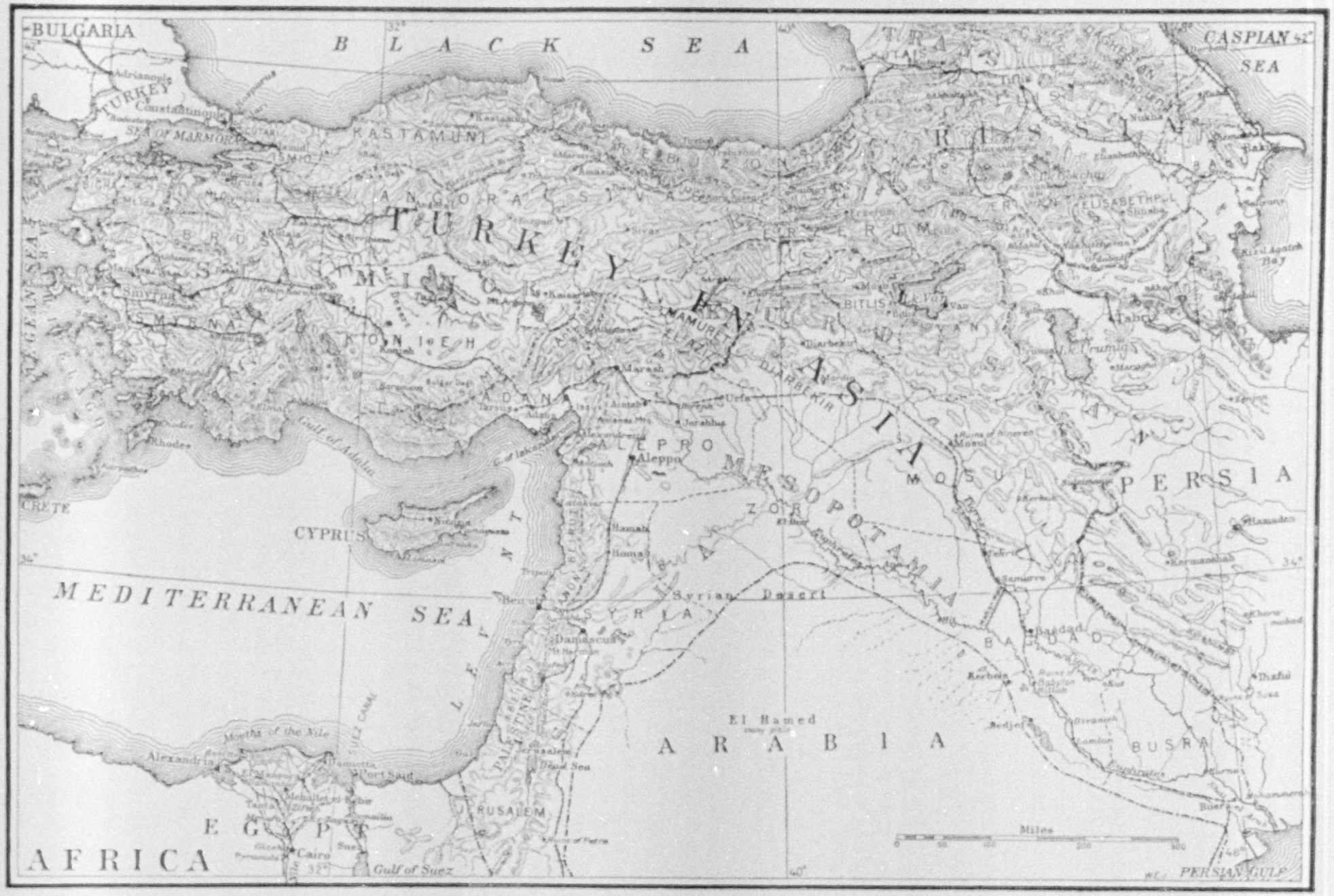
It remains to speak of Henry Gannett the man. To those who knew him intimately, his personality stands out with rugged lines of strength, yoked with attributes which commanded admiration and affection. To the world at large his striking traits of character were only dimly revealed. It was always difficult, even for his intimates, to induce him to speak of his own work and achievements; he held a wholly inadequate idea of their permanent importance. He preferred to talk in appreciative terms of what his fellow-scientists were doing: he was modest and unassertive, even to a fault.

Profound in his convictions on all live questions, he was not given to controversy. He had a deep contempt for scientific charlatanism and an unerring instinct in its detection; but he never rushed to its exposure. His convictions were founded upon the thoroughness of his own researches, which was the key to his methods of work. Between him and those whose ideals were the same, there existed a kinship at once delightful and inspiring.

His memory will be gratefully cherished by many of the scientists now winning their spurs at the National Capital for the practical helpfulness which marked their personal relations. Quick to detect misdirected efforts in any of his younger associates, he was eager to point out any waste of time and energy, and to reveal out of his long experience the pathway which they could profitably follow. There are many among them who gladly acknowledge that his kindly counsels set their feet in the right ways. He seemed always to be thinking how he could help others—never how he could best help himself.

Such was Henry Gannett; spotless in private life, gentle, modest, helpful; without jealousies or enmities, eager to befriend, with a consuming love for his great science, an intense desire to promote and perfect it and a tireless industry to that end. There are not many like him in all these respects; and because such men are rare, and because those who knew Henry Gannett best know how rare a character he was, they welcome the opportunity to pay their unstinted tribute to the geographer, the statistician, and the man.

XUM



OUTLINE MAP OF TURKEY IN ASIA

THE MOST HISTORIC LANDS ON EARTH

NO OTHER people possess lands of such wonderful historic interest as the Turks. Occupying a region only a third as great in area as the United States, they have yet a territory within whose boundaries the greatest, the most influential events in human history have occurred.

The Bible, with little exception, is an account of the doings of people who never got beyond what have hitherto been the confines of Turkey. From a single corner of the Ottoman Empire arose the Babylon that in its day all but ruled the world. From that same region envy and famine conspired to send the children of Abraham into Egypt, which until recently was embraced in the Empire of the Ottomans. Thence, as they marched back from Africa to Asia, through the Wilderness of Sin to the Promised Land, they never once set foot off of what came to be Turkish soil. And when the Star of Bethlehem arose it stood over a manger, on land that is now Turkish soil.

In Asia Minor once dwelt Crœsus, whose name to this day expresses the last degree of wealth. Here was Pergamus, whose library in its period was the finest in the world, making such demands for papyrus that Ptolemy was led to prohibit the exportation of that commodity from Egypt. Under the reign of the Cæsars, Asia Minor alone contained 500 populous cities, enriched with all the gifts of nature and adorned with all the refinements of art.

The civilization of the Hittites, whose lands finally were occupied by the hosts of Israel; the civilization of Tyre and Sidon, the greatest colonizers of ancient times; the civilization of Egypt, rival of Persia and Chaldea in the value of the heritage it bequeathed to the future; the civilization of Constantinople and the Byzantine Empire, in its day more gorgeous than any that had gone before—all found their home within the boundaries of what afterward came to be the land of the Turk. Mohammed, and the religion which bears his name, and now claims several hundred million adherents, were also born in the Ottoman Empire.

The greatest of these ancient empires was the Babylonian. The Babylonians built their civilization upon an irrigation ditch and made Babylonia a land teeming with people, the seat of magnificent cities, and the home of a world-conquering empire. Babylonia rivaled the Valley of the Nile in production. Every Greek traveler who wandered that way marveled at the luxuriousness of the crops of Mesopotamia. Even Herodotus hesitated to tell the story in its fulness lest the people for whom he wrote history might regard him as a nature faker. The hanging gardens of Babylon stirred the admiration of the travelers out of the west, so that they wrote them down as one of the seven wonders of the world. Nebuchadnezzar built them for his wife, Amytis, the beautiful Mede, to rescue her from her homesickness for her native Median hills.

King Sargon, though he lived at the dawn of history, reviewed his reign much as a President of the United States or a great European sovereign might review his official career. He tells us that he restored ancient ruined cities and colonized them; that he made barren tracts of land fertile; that he gave his nation a splendid system of reservoirs, dams, and canals; that he protected the needy from want, the weak from oppression, filled the nation's granaries with corn, brought down the high cost of living, and found new markets for the nation's products.

Babylon's fortifications are said to have had a circumference of 55 miles, the outer wall of which was 350 feet high and 85 feet thick. The palace of Sargon II covered about 25 acres, and its front was twice as long as that of the United States Capitol. Forty-eight great winged bulls guarded its entrances, and upon its walls were more than two miles of sculptured slabs telling the story of the king's reign.

XUM

MEETINGS OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, 1914-1915

November 13.—"Belgium and Her People." By Dr. James Howard Gore, Professor Emeritus of George Washington University.

November 20.—"Conquest of the Great Rose and Other Glaciers of India." By Mrs. F. Bullock Workman and Dr. W. Hunter Workman.

November 27.—"The Strength and Virtues of the German People and Empire." By Roland G. Usher, Professor of History in Washington University, of St. Louis, author of "Pan-Germanism," etc.

December 4.—"France, Our Sister Republic." By Arthur S. Riggs.

December 11.—"Sunny Italy." By Mr. B. R. Baumgardt.

December 18.—"The Fringe of Asia." By Mrs. Harriet Chalmers Adams.

January 8, 1915, 4 p. m.—Hubbard Memorial Hall. Annual meeting of the National Geographic Society.

January 8.—"The Romance of Reclamation." By Mr. C. J. Blanchard. The "See America First Movement" will doubtless send hundreds of thousands of Americans to the beauty spots and wonderlands of the United States during the coming year. From the wonderful formations of Glacier National Park to the strange ruins of Casa Grande, New Mexico, and from the playgrounds of New England to the Golden Gate of California, there are scattered many of these places whose beauty and whose charm equal anything to be found in Europe and surpass the imaginations of those who have not seen them.

January 15.—"The Race with Death in Antarctic Blizzards." By Sir Douglas Mawson, K. B. D. Sc. B. E., leader of the Australasian Antarctic Expedition of 1911-1914.

January 22.—"Mohammedan Lands and Peoples." By Rev. Dr. Charles Wood.

January 26.—"England, the Oldest Nation of Europe." This subject of immeasurable interest will be dealt with by an authority whose study of England as the leader in the world's commerce, as well as the greatest colonizer of any time, will render it a most popular and valuable one.

January 29.—"Peoples, Places, and Problems in Mexico." By Prof. Leslie C. Wells, of Clark College.

February 5. — "The Balkans — Rumania, Servia, and Bulgaria." By Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart, Professor of History in Harvard University, author of "Practical Essays on American Government," "Obvious Orient," etc.

February 12.—"The Confederation of South Africa." By Hon. Chase S. Osborn, formerly Governor of Michigan, author of "The Andean Land."

February 16.—"Britain Beyond the Seas: Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and Other Colonies of the British Empire." The name of this speaker will be announced later.

February 19.—"Austria-Hungary, the Land of Contrasts." By E. M. Newman.

February 26.—"Japan Today." By Mr. Roy C. Andrews, of the American Museum of Natural History.

March 5.—"Driving Pests from the Globe: An Account of the Humanitarian Work of the International Health Commission, Founded by John D. Rockefeller." By Dr. Wycliffe Rose, Administrative Secretary.

March 12.—"The Chinese Republic." By Dr. Frank J. Goodnow, President of Johns Hopkins University, Legal Adviser to the Chinese Government 1913-1914.

March 16.—"The Flying Machine in Geographic Studies." By Mr. O. P. Austin.

March 19.—"Argentina and Chile; Comparisons and Contrasts of the Temperate Americas." By Mr. Bailey Willis, Consulting Geologist to the Minister of Public Works of Argentina 1911-1913.

March 23.—"Russia." This subject of great interest will be dealt with by an authority whose study of Russia will render it a most popular and valuable one.

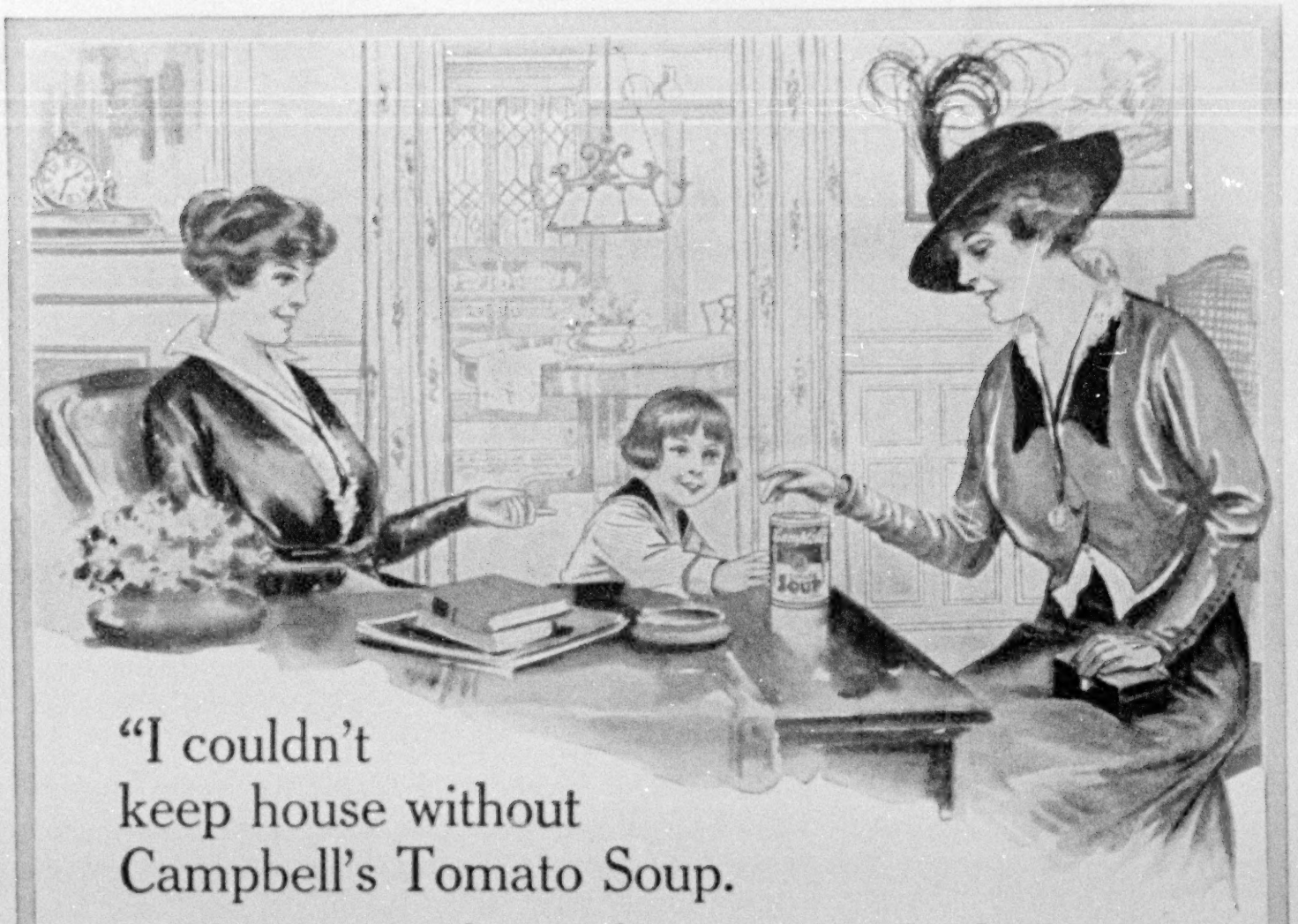
March 26.—"My Visit to the Vatican." By Hon. William H. Taft, former President of the United States.

April 2.—"Brazil." By Anthony Fiala, member of the Roosevelt South American Expedition of 1913-1914.

April 16.—It is hoped that official engagements will permit Hon. Myron T. Herrick, Ambassador to France 1912-1914, to accept the invitation of the Society to address the Association during the course.

There will also be a lecture on "Holland and Her People" by Hon. David J. Hill, formerly United States Ambassador to Holland. The date of this lecture will be announced later.

XUM



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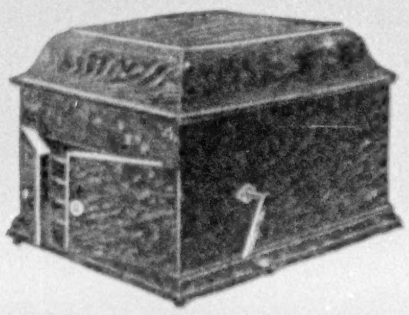

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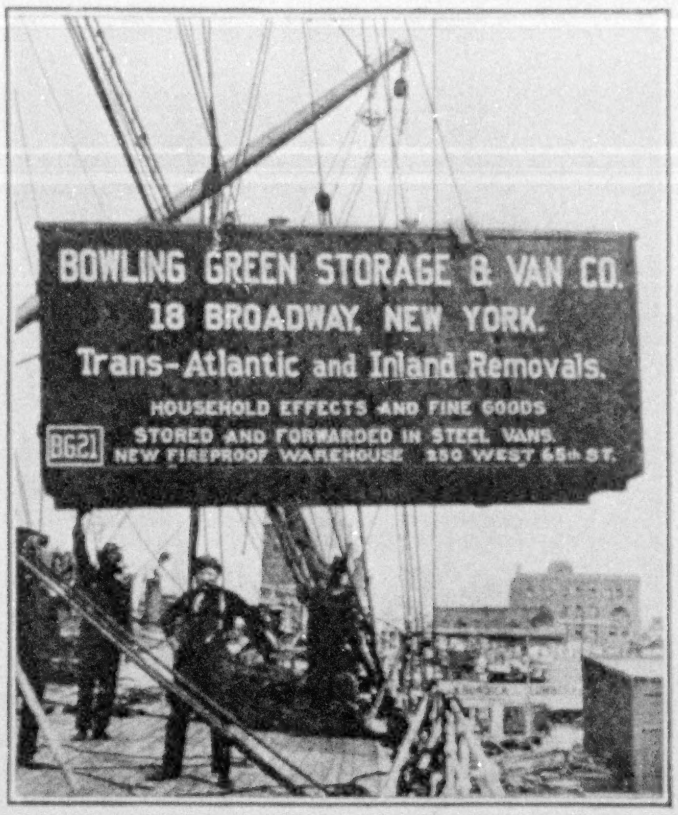

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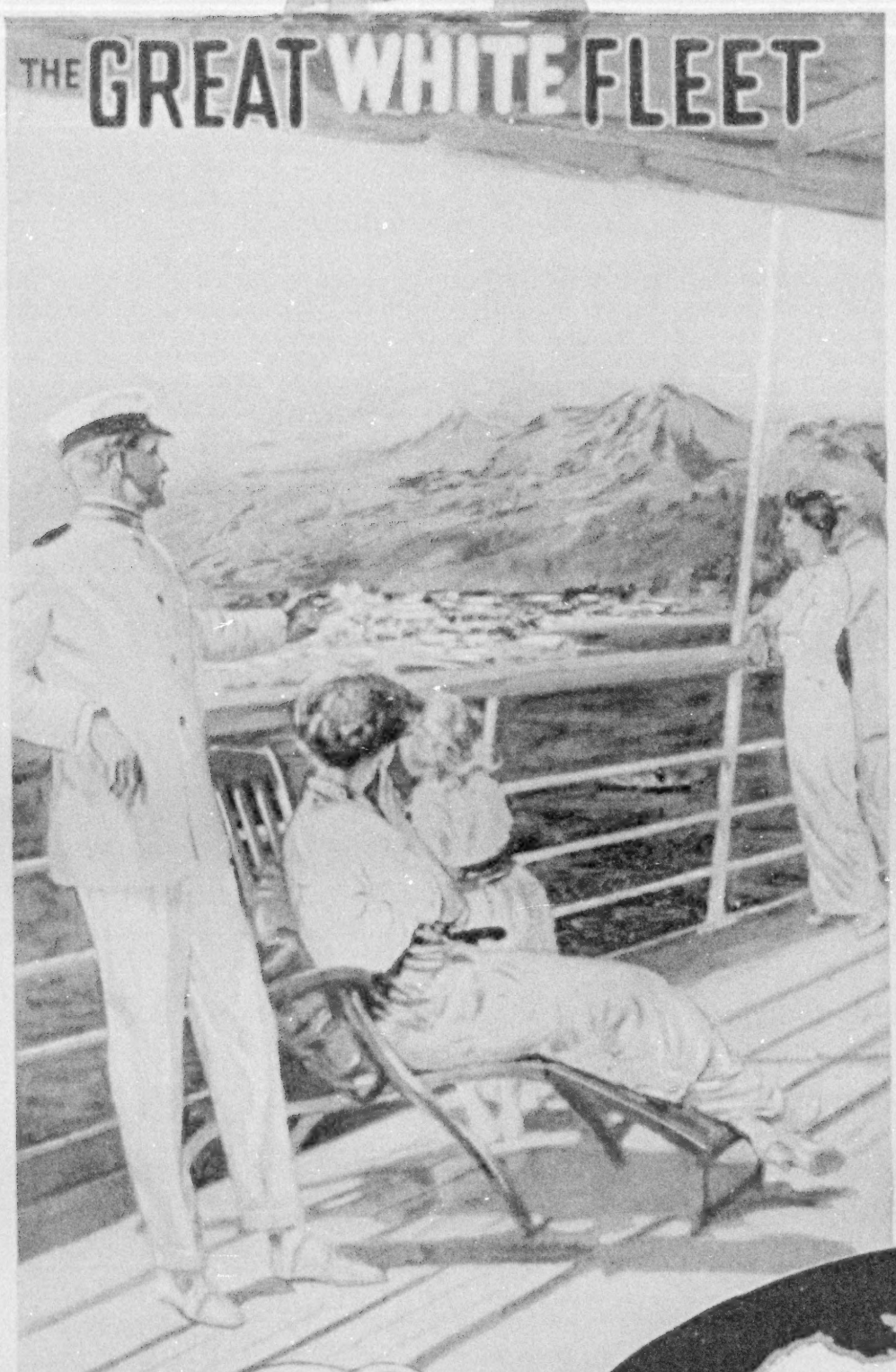

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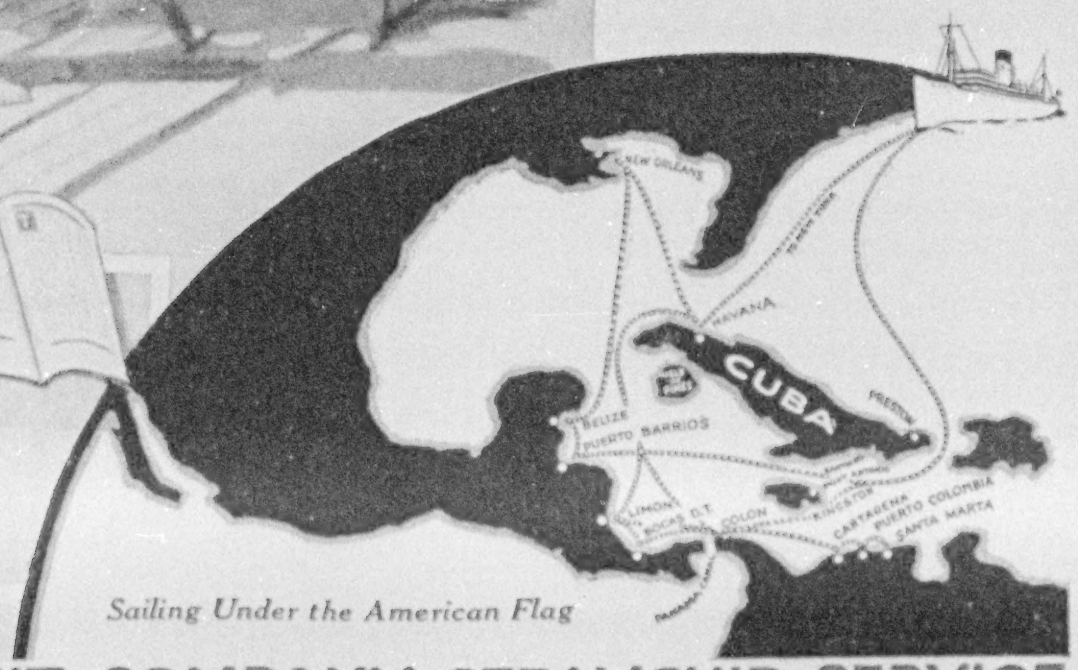

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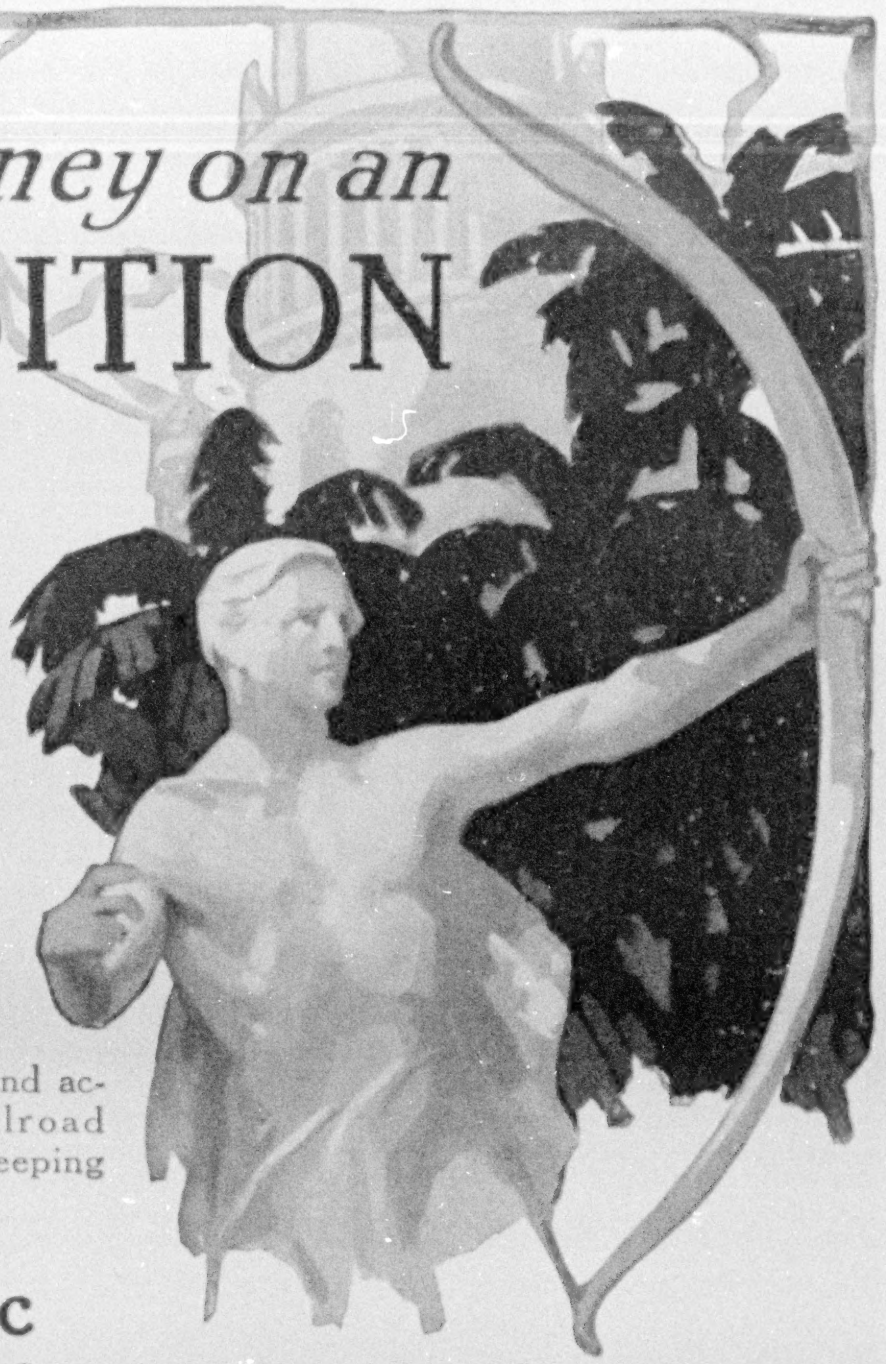

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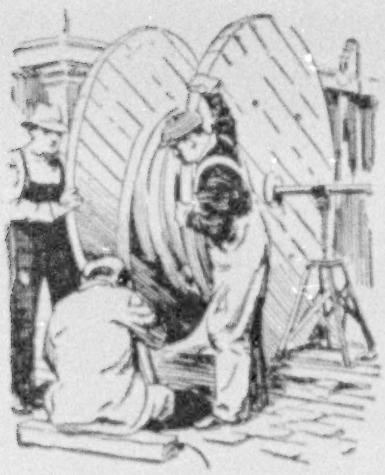

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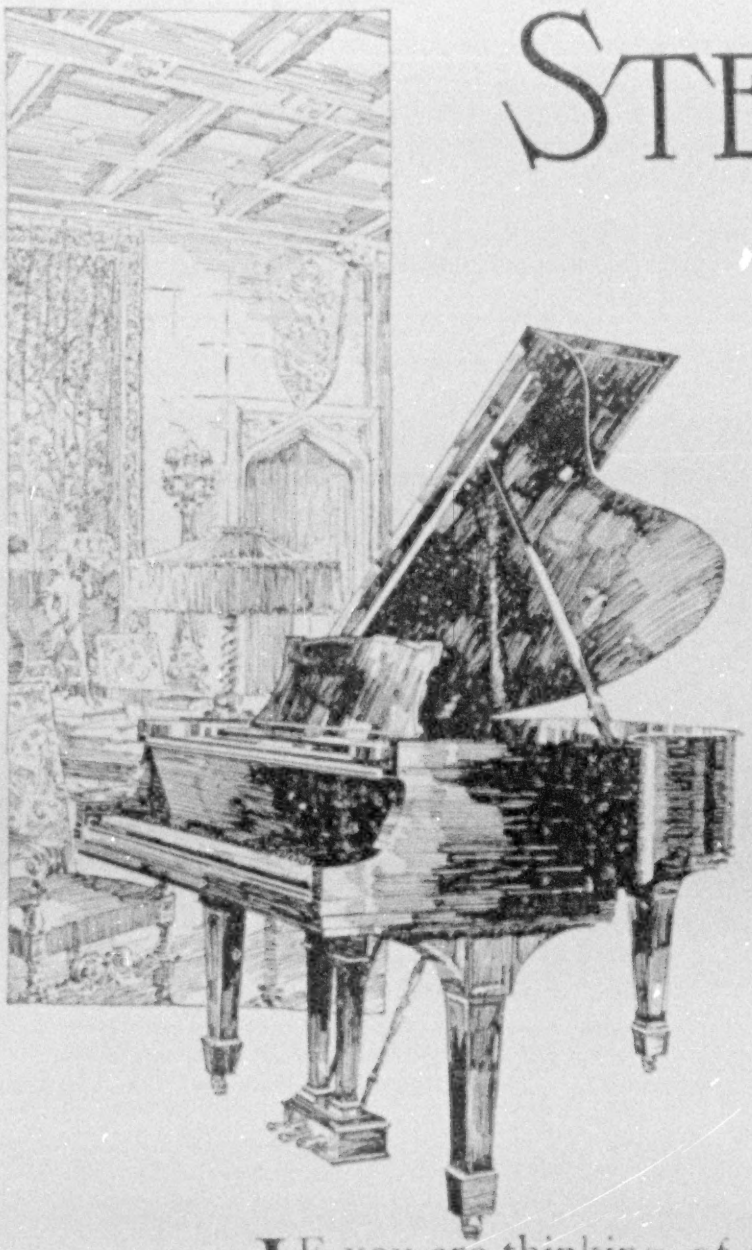

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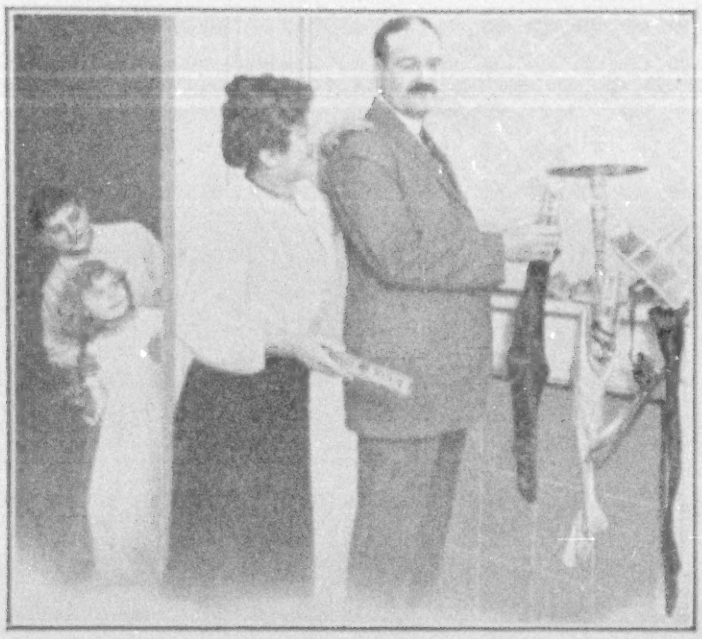

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What joys and thrills you used to have when Santa came on Christmas Eve! Make this a happy Christmas for *your* youngsters and yourselves—fill their stockings with toys and trinkets, and those tasty confections—

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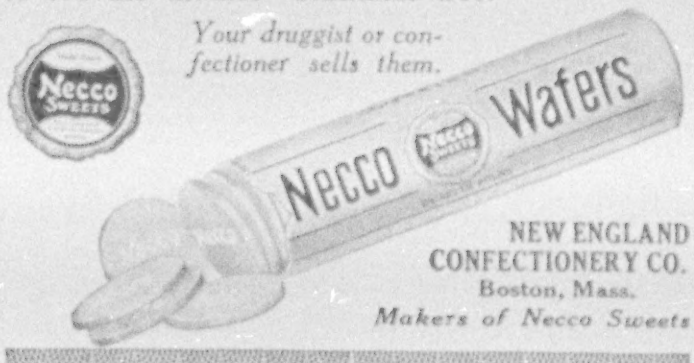

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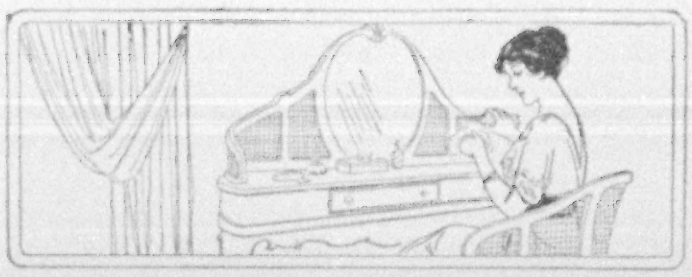

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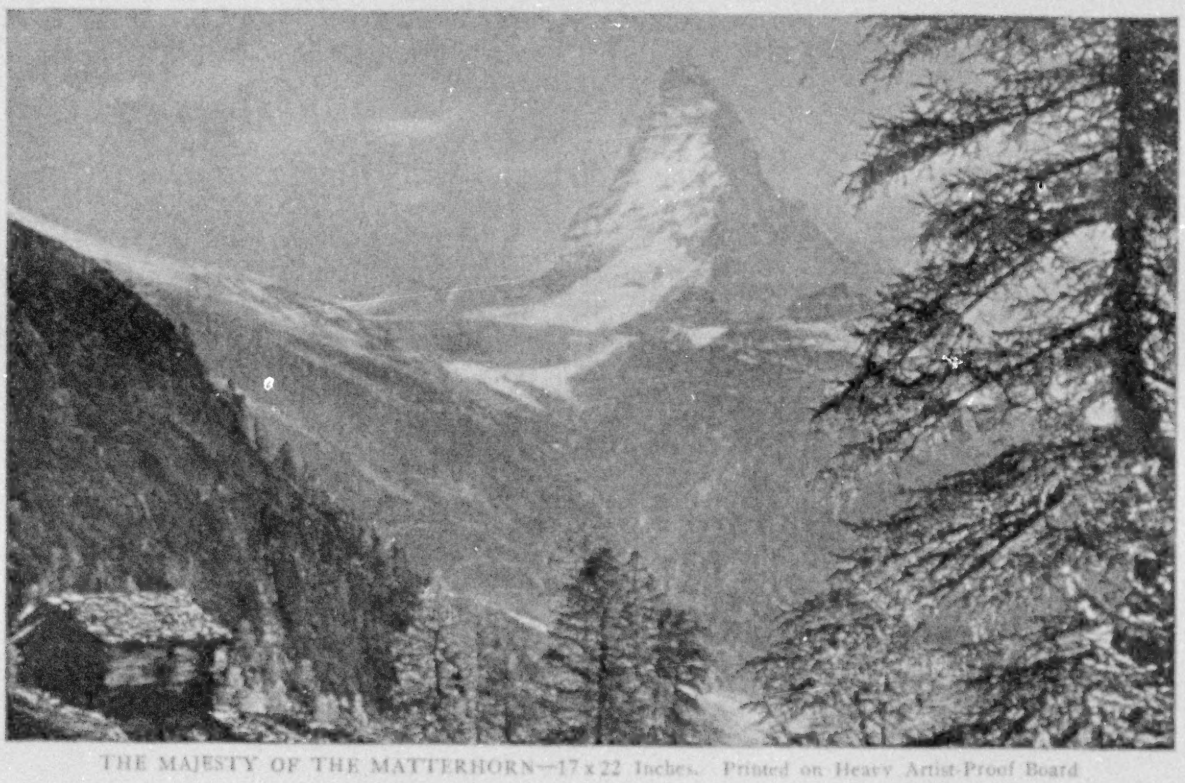

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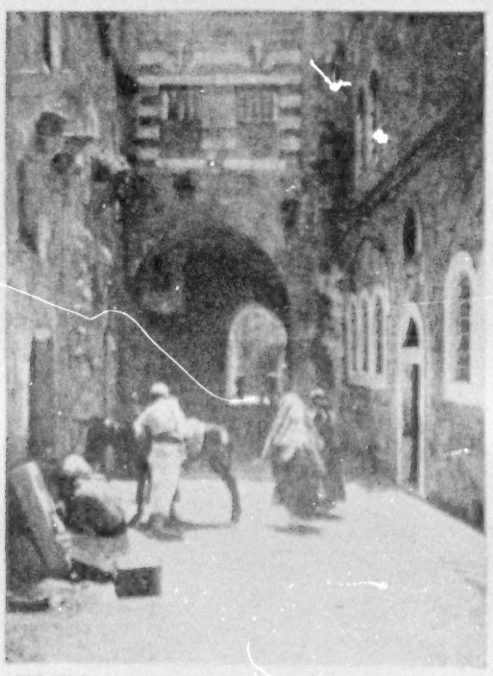

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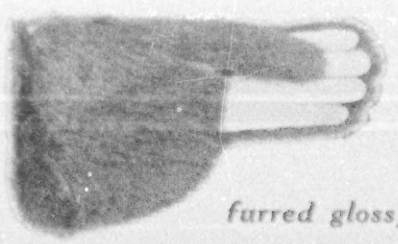

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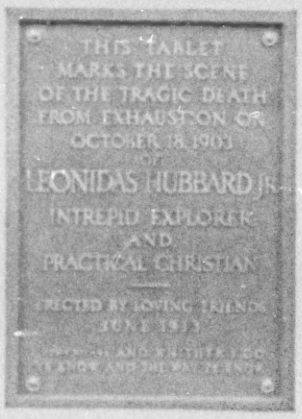

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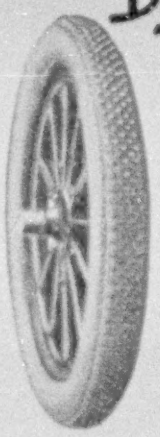

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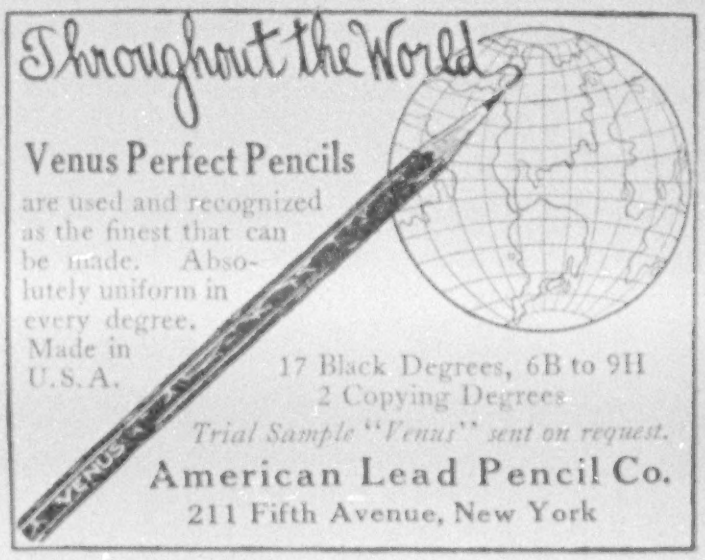

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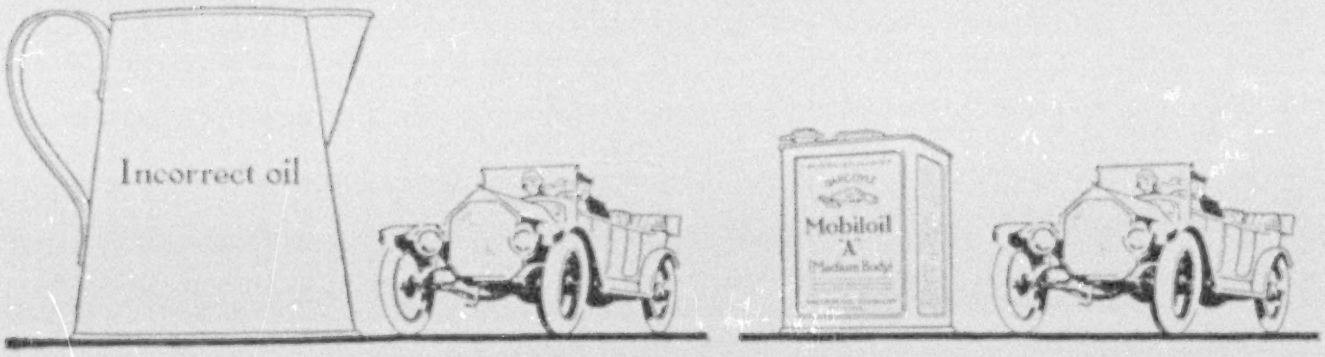

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Begin now to count the miles of "wear" you get from a gallon of your present oil.

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" (4 cyl.)	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
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Case			A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
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" (water)									Arc.	Arc.
Cole	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
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Fiat	A	A	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A
Flanders	E	E	E	E	Arc.	Arc.				
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Mack	A	E	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	E
" (Model S)							A	A	A	A
Marion	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Marmon	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell (2 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	B	E				
" (4 cyl.)	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)							Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mercer	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Mitchell	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moline	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	..	..
Moline Knight									A	A
Moon (4 cyl.)	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)									Arc.	Arc.
National	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Overland	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Packard	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Paige Detroit	E	E	A	Arc.	A	E	A	E	A	A
Pathfinder	..	..	..	..	..	..	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Peerless	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pierce Arrow	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" Cont'd.	..	..	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pope Hartford	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pierce	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Rambler	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	..	..
Regal	A	E	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Renault	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Saxon									E	E
S. G. V.			2	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	A	Arc.
Selden	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Simplex	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Speedwell	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" Mead							A	Arc.	B	A
Stearns	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
" Knight					A	A	A	A	B	A
Stevens Duryea	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stoddard-Dayton	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A	..	..
" Knight					A	A	A	A		
Studebaker	E	E	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz					Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A
Velie (4 cyl.)	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)									Arc.	Arc.
Walter	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
White	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Winton	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.

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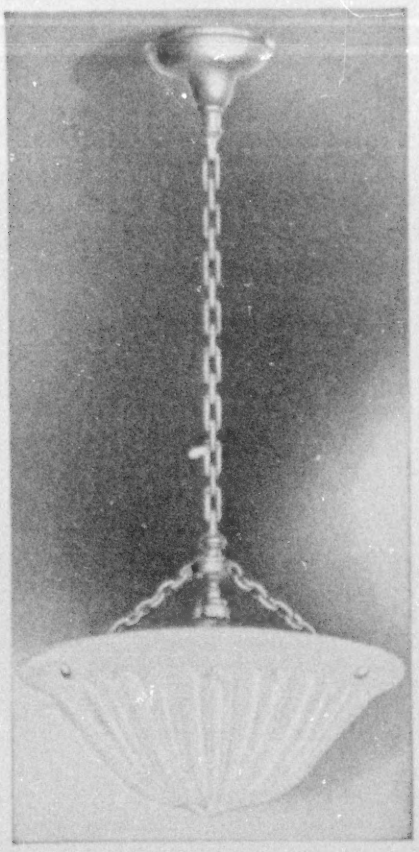

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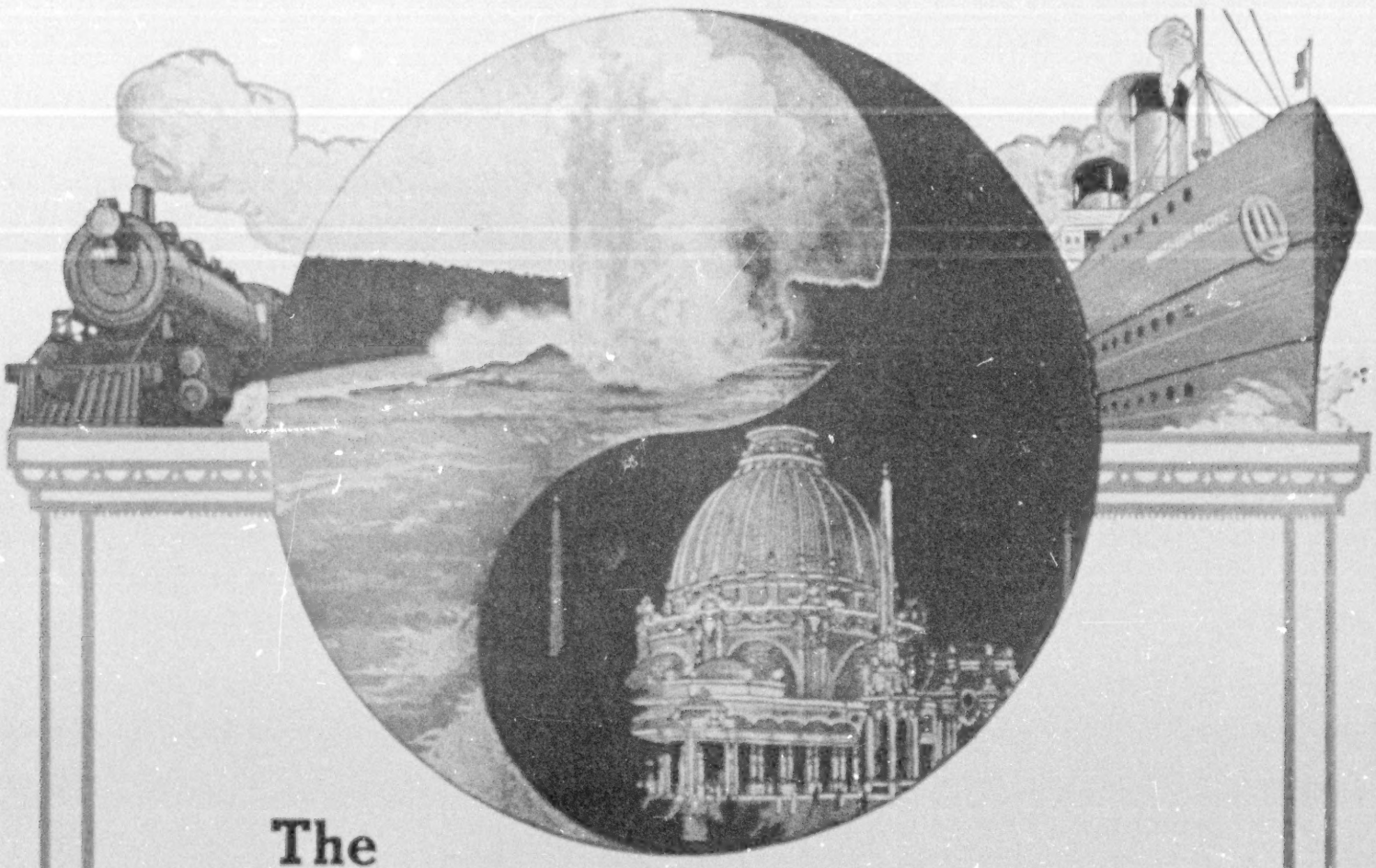

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